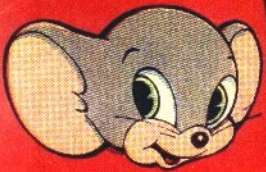


MARMADUKE MOUSE



AUTUMN
ISSUE
No. 3

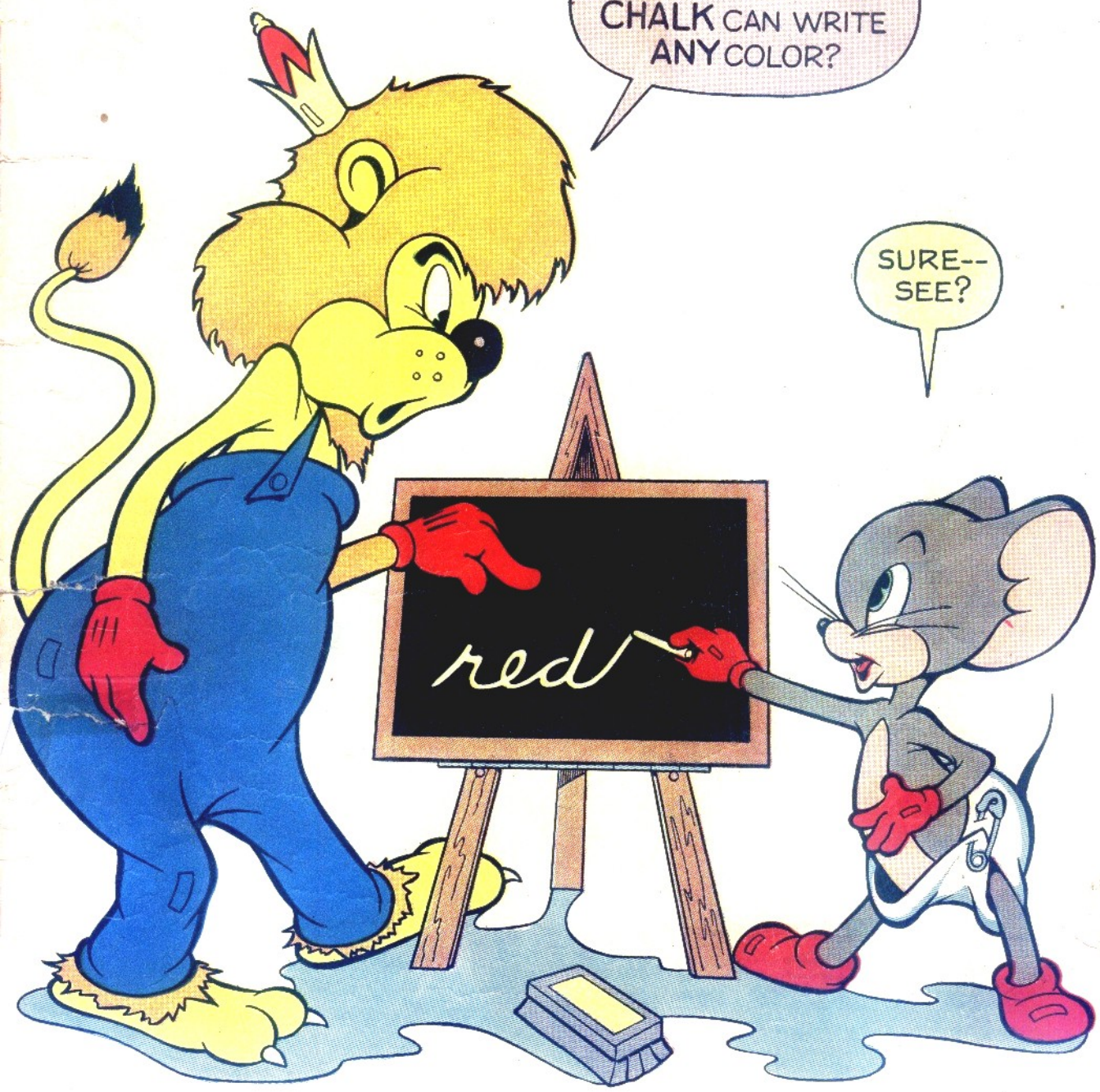


SM
★
A

10¢

YOU MEAN THAT
PIECE OF WHITE
CHALK CAN WRITE
ANY COLOR?

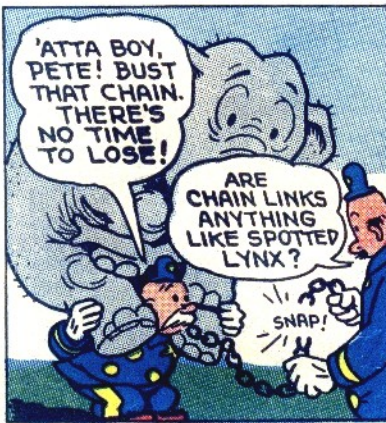
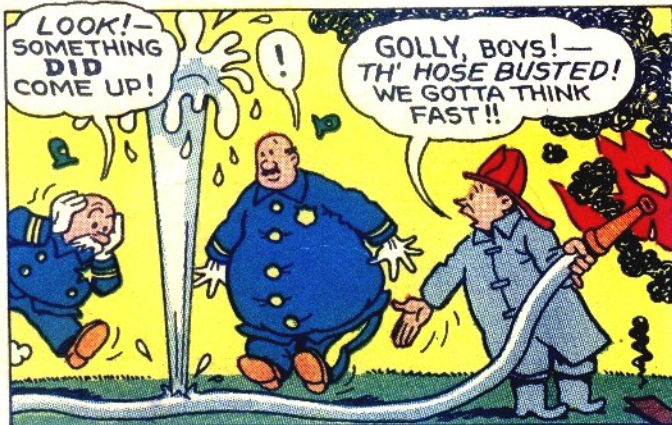
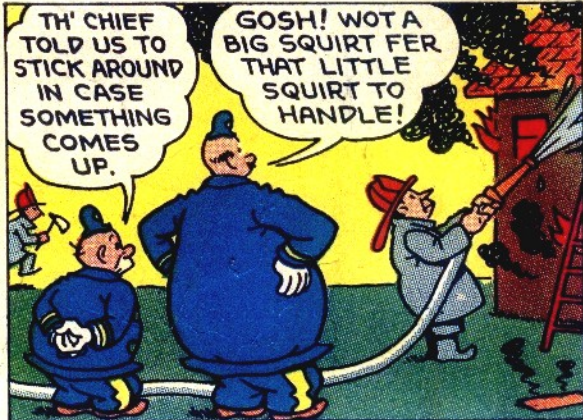
SURE--
SEE?



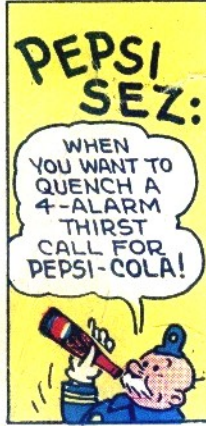
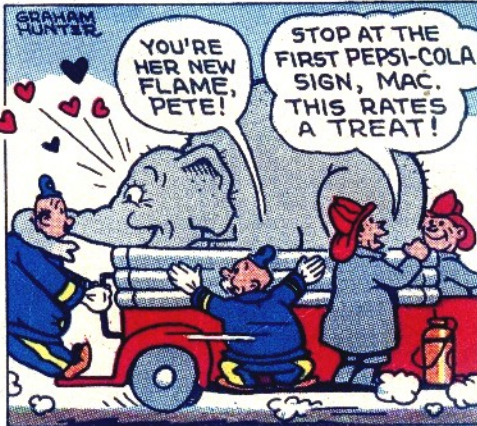


WEB COMIC
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"PEPSI!" The PEPSI-COLA COP



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

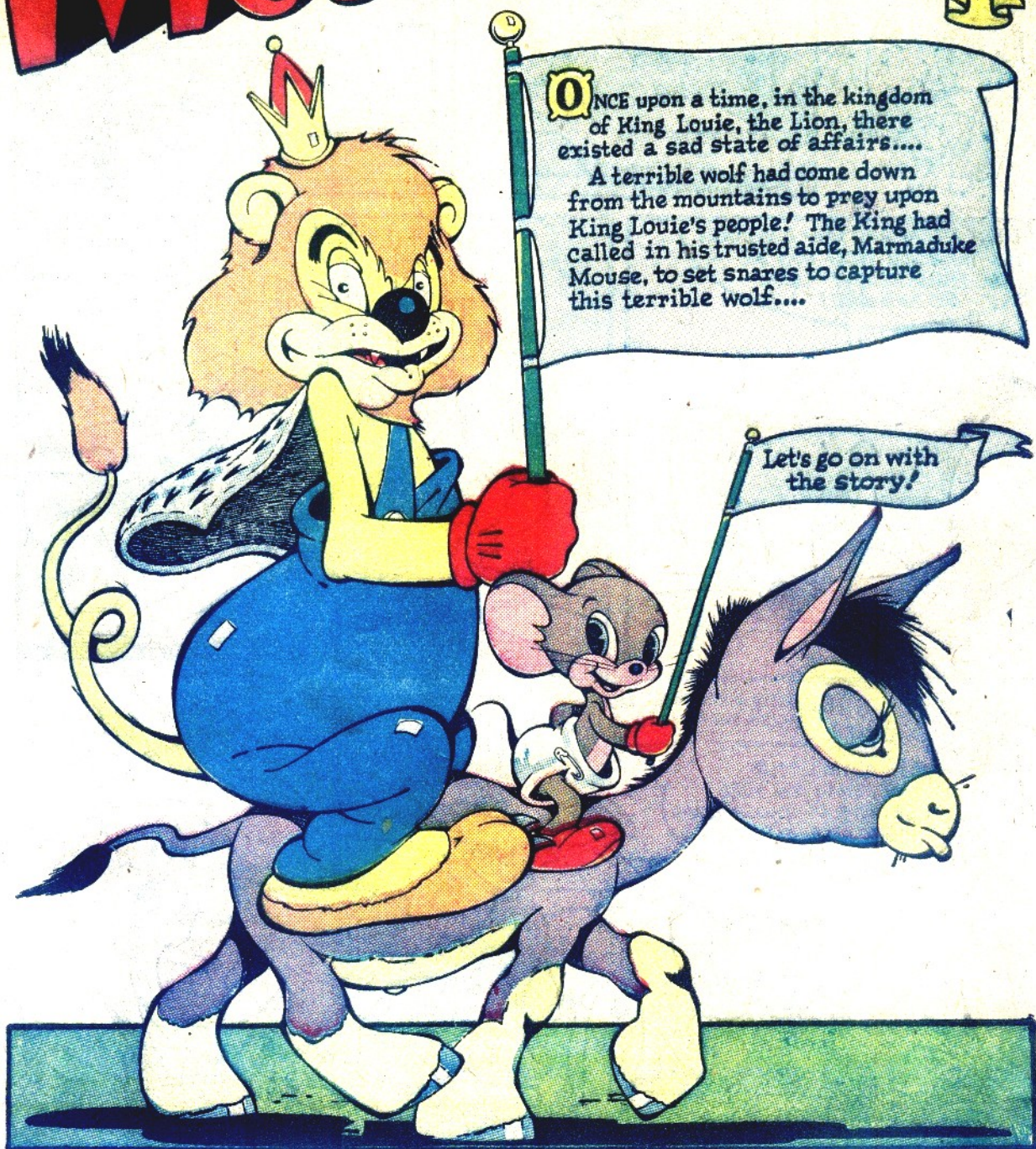


MARMADUKE MOUSE

MARMADUKE MOUSE and KING LOUIE

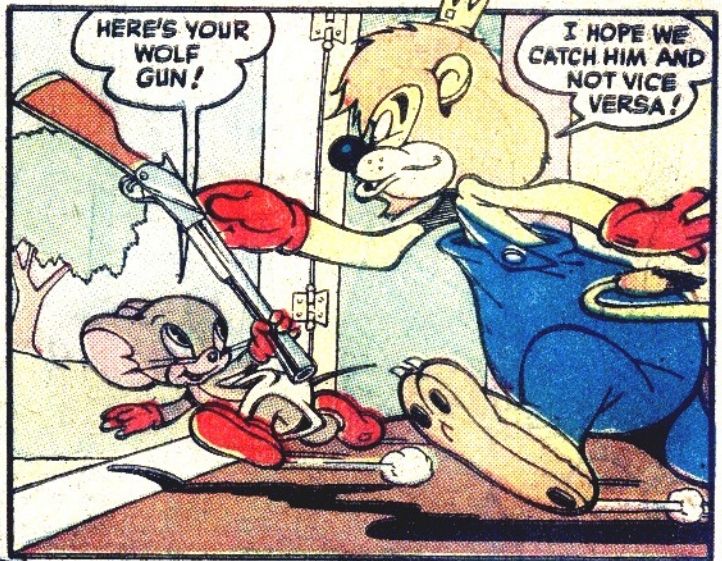
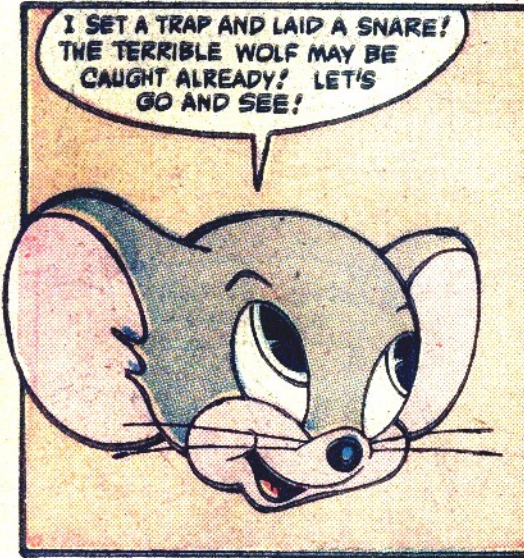
ONCE upon a time, in the kingdom of King Louie, the Lion, there existed a sad state of affairs....
A terrible wolf had come down from the mountains to prey upon King Louie's people! The King had called in his trusted aide, Marmaduke Mouse, to set snares to capture this terrible wolf....

Let's go on with the story!



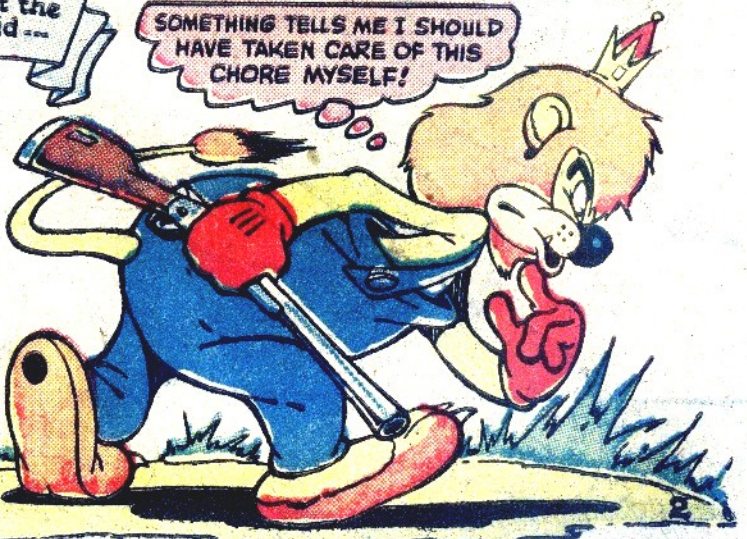
MARMADUKE MOUSE

AS our tale begins, King Louie is impatiently awaiting the return of Marmaduke, who is out setting traps to trip up the terrible wolf!

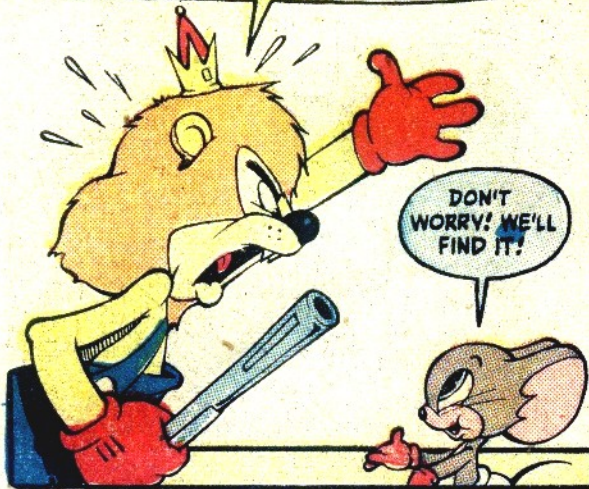


Marmaduke and The King arrive at the spot where the wolf traps were laid...

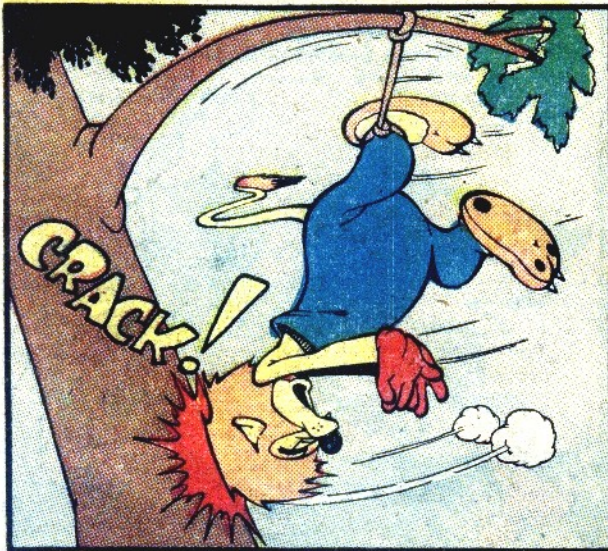
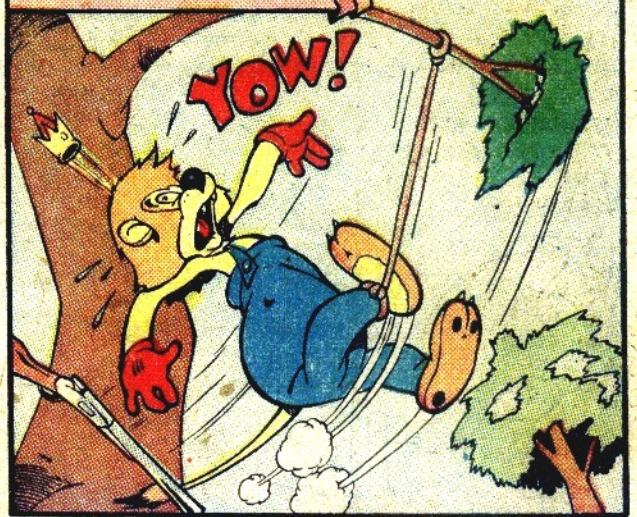
I'M A LITTLE WORRIED! I'M SURE I SET ONE OF THOSE TRAPS RIGHT AROUND HERE-- BUT WHERE?



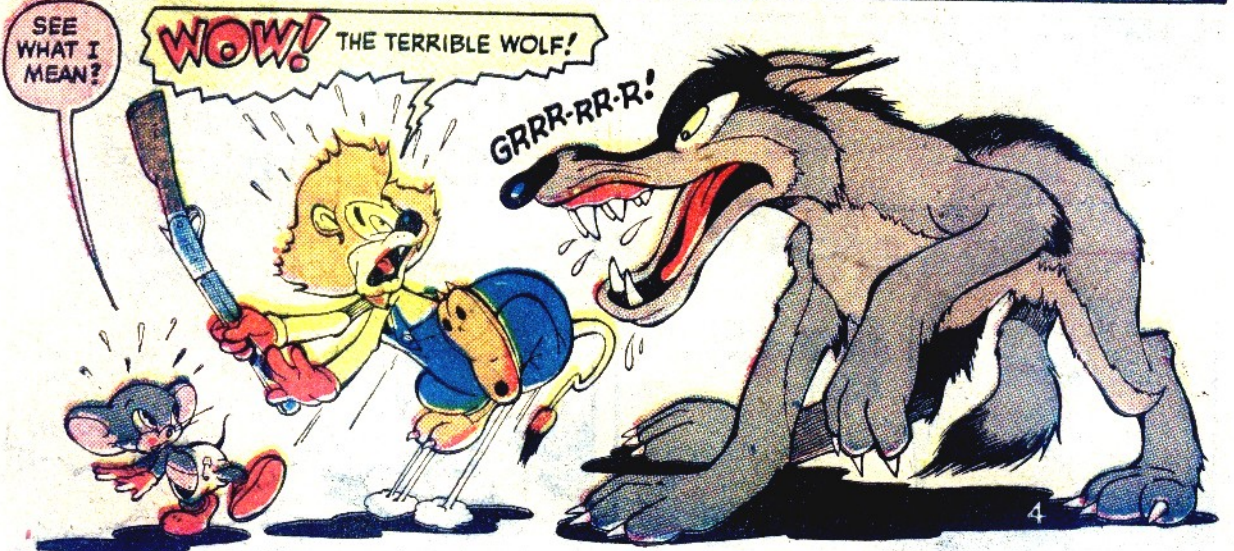
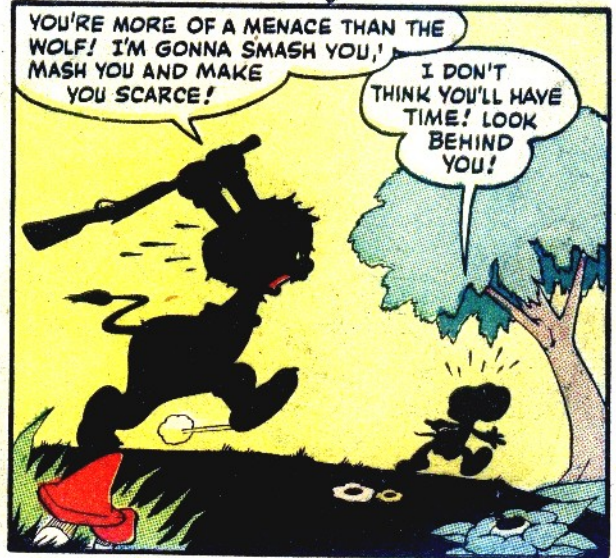
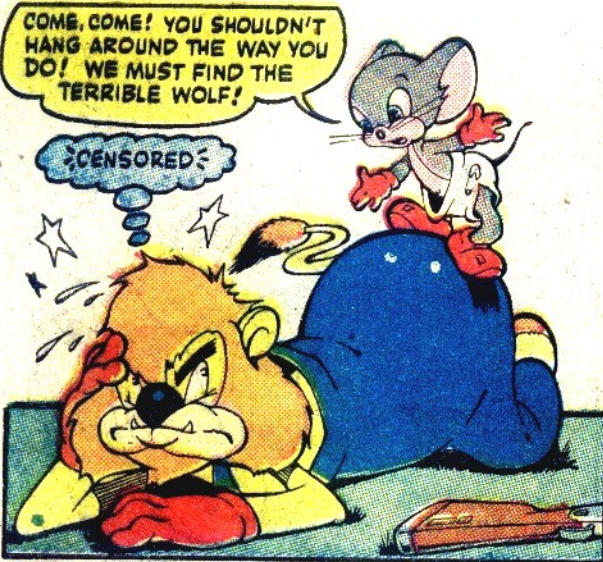
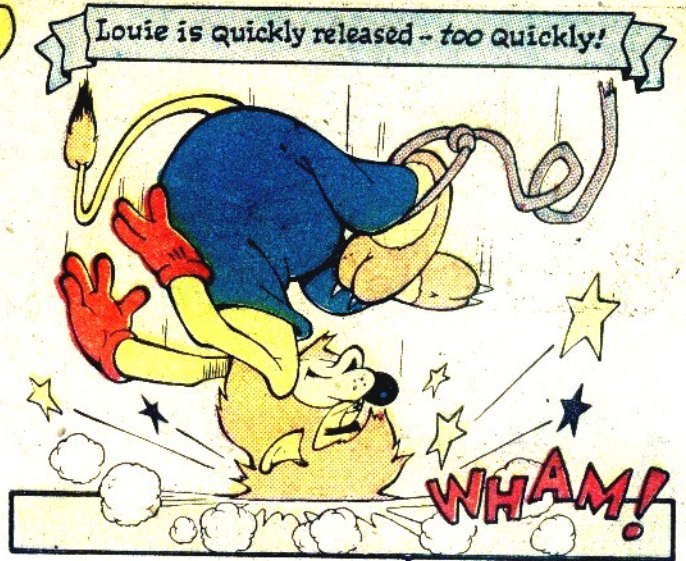
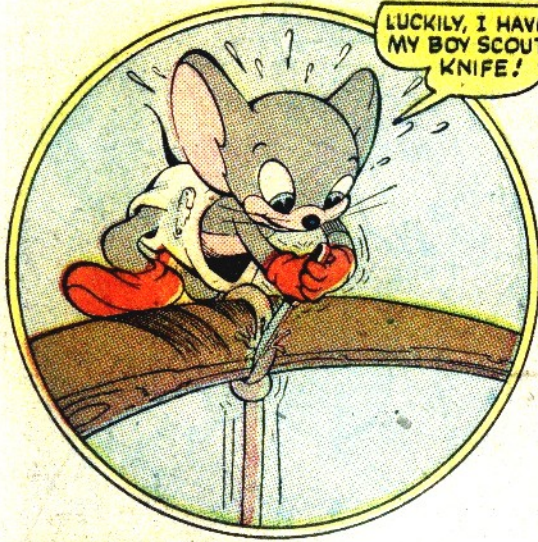
YOU JUST FIXED THE TRAP AND NOW YOU CAN'T FIND IT! HOW CAN ANYONE BE SO STUPID?

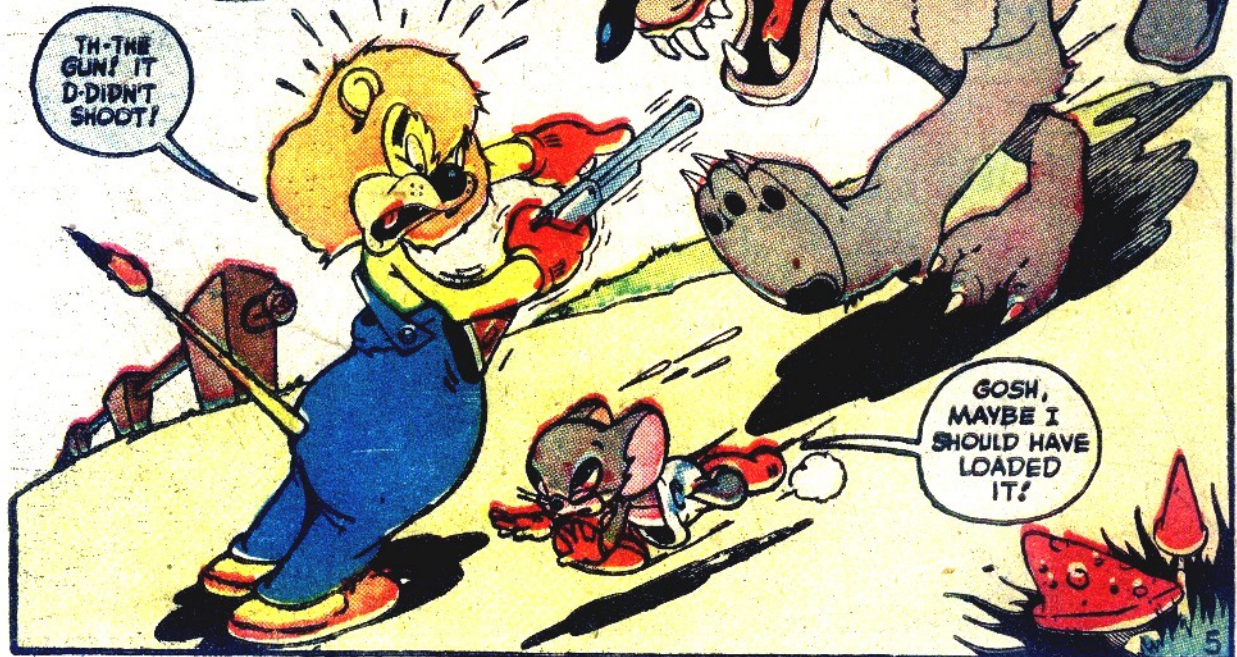
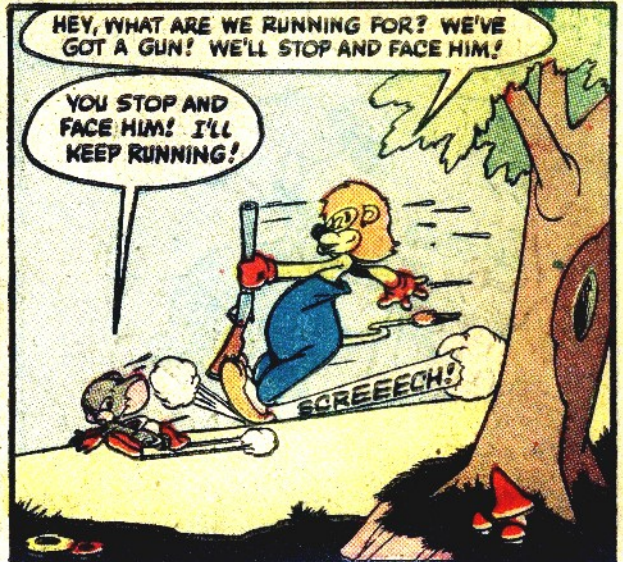
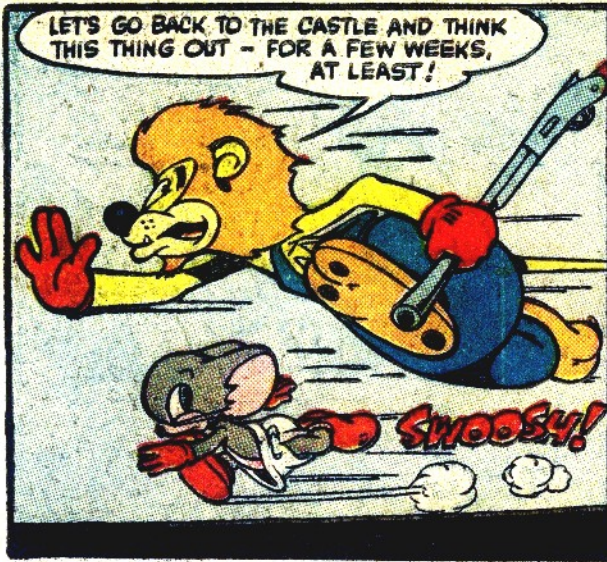


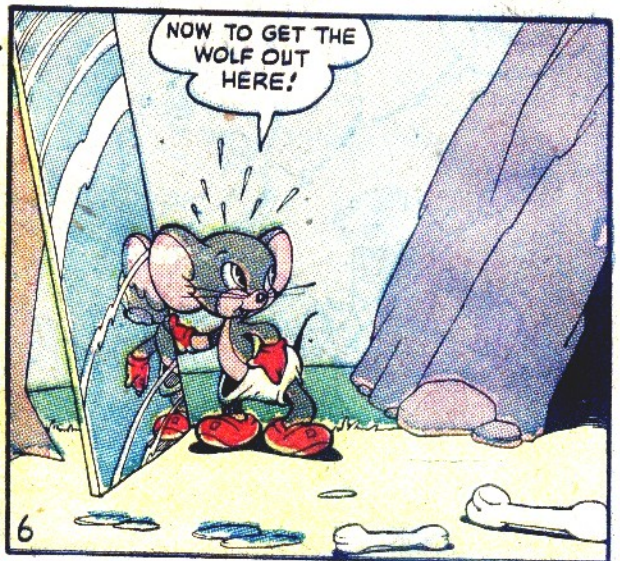
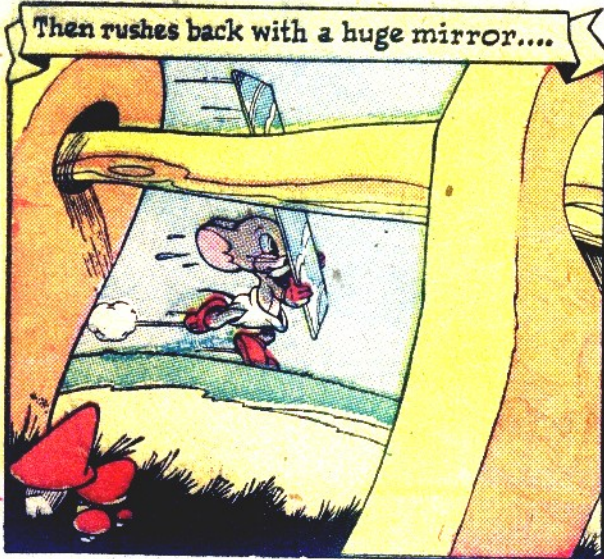
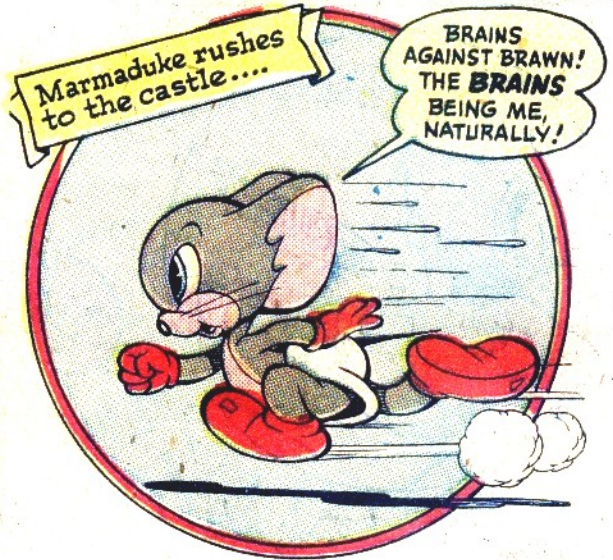
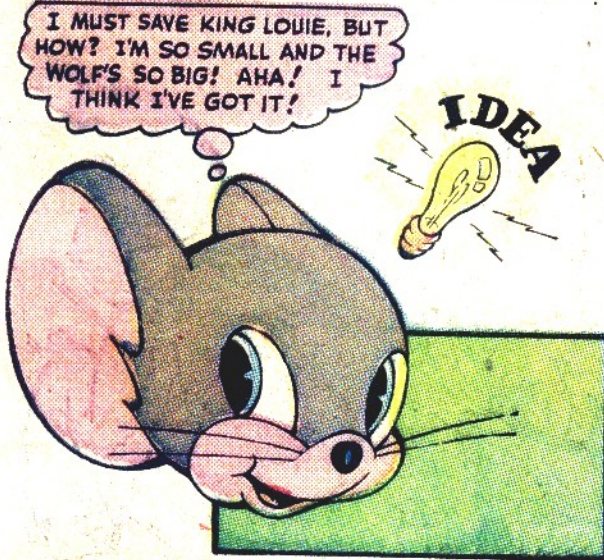
And Louie finds it!

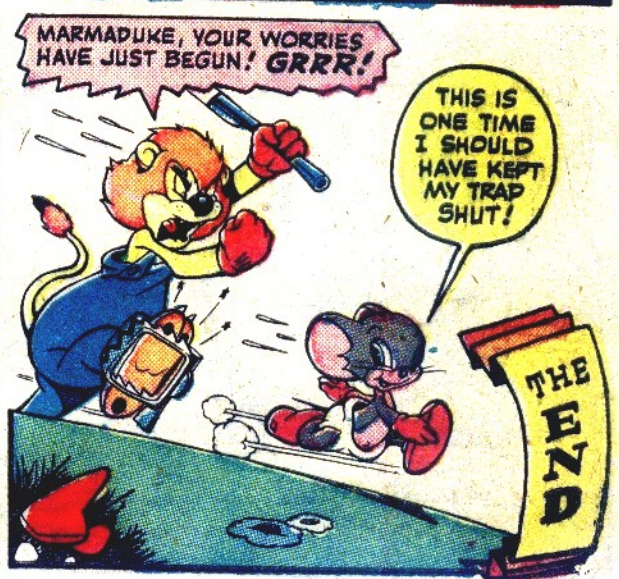
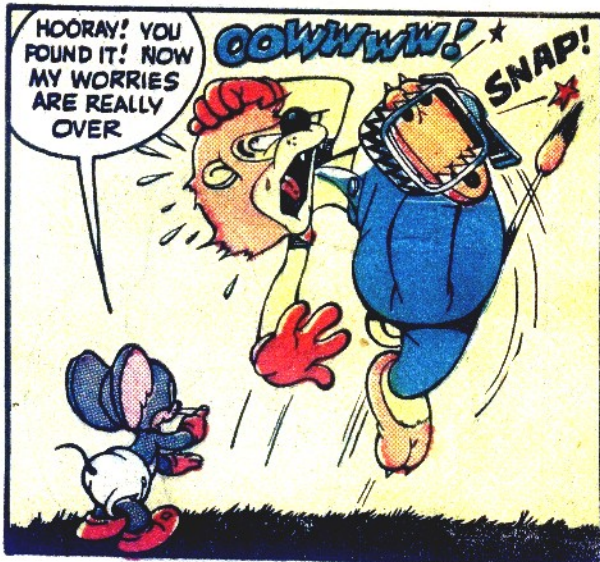
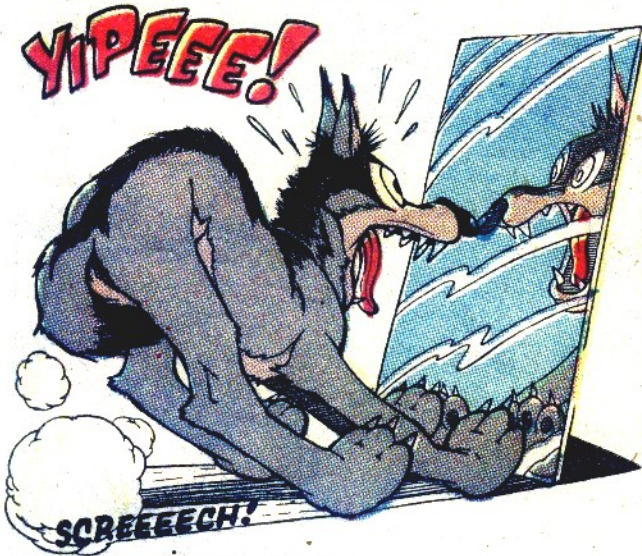
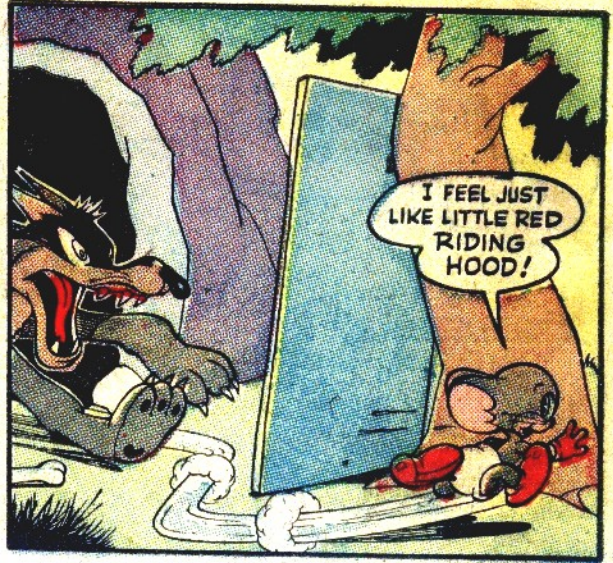
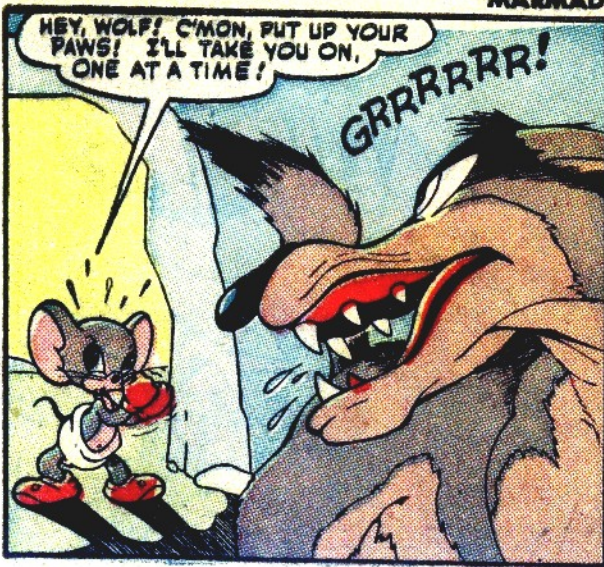


MARMADUKE MOUSE



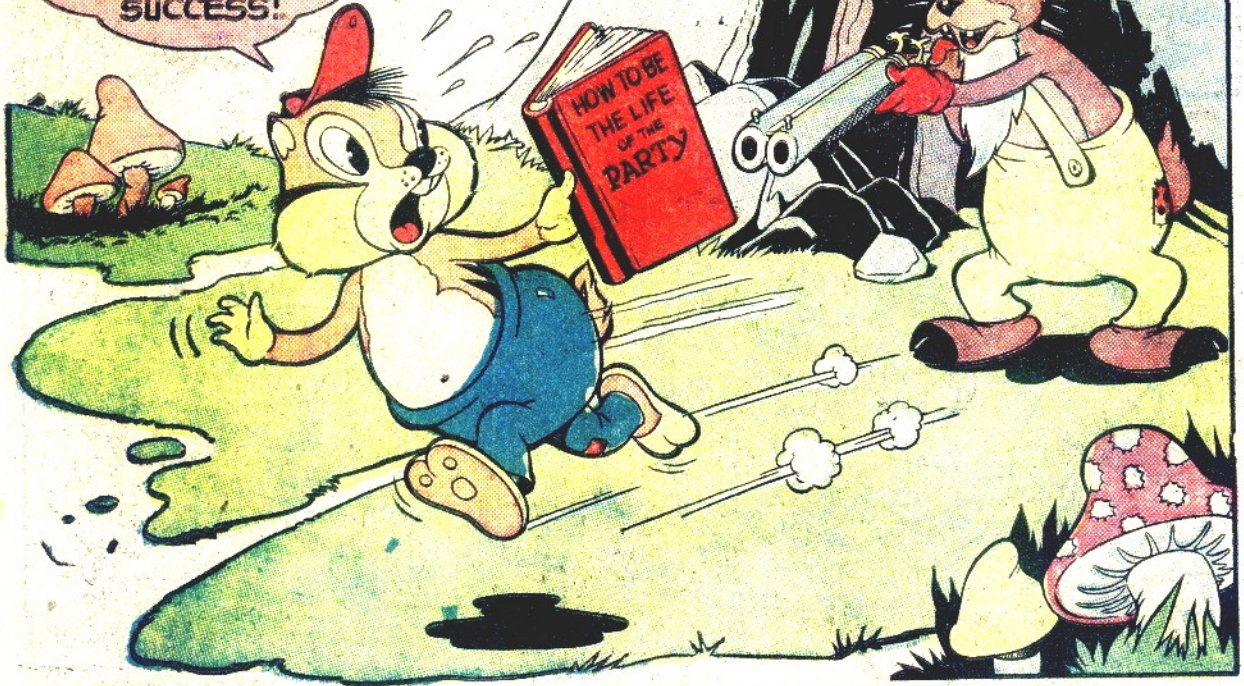






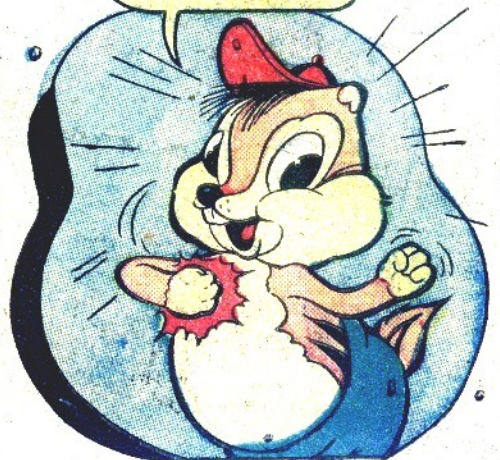
CHOLLY CHIPMUNK

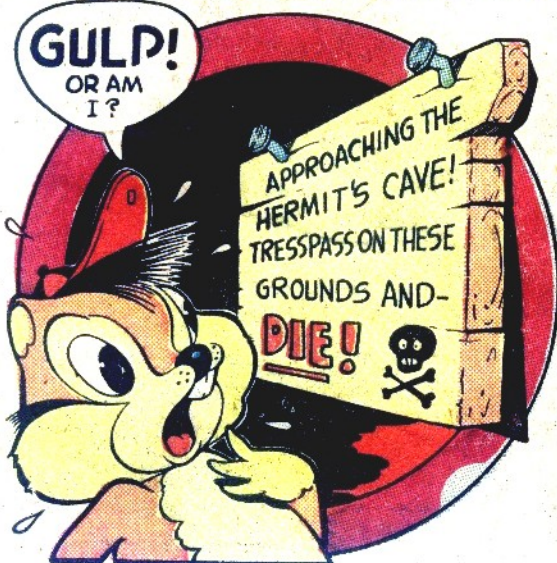
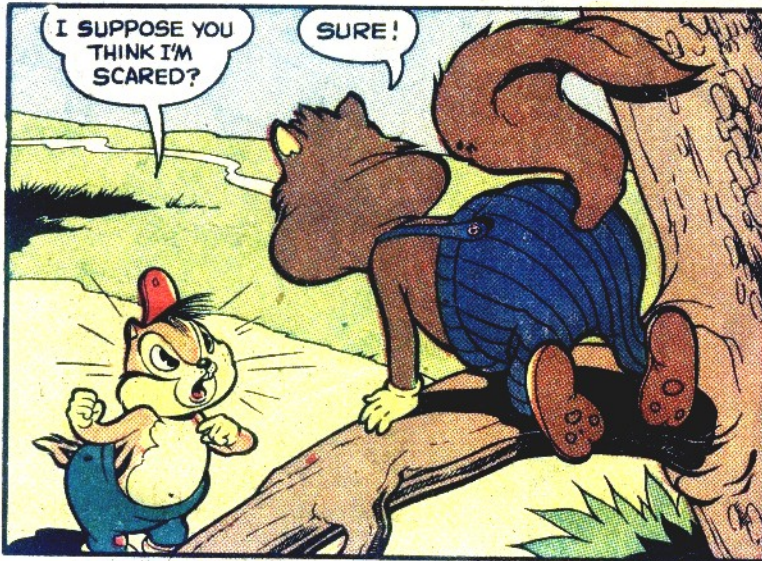
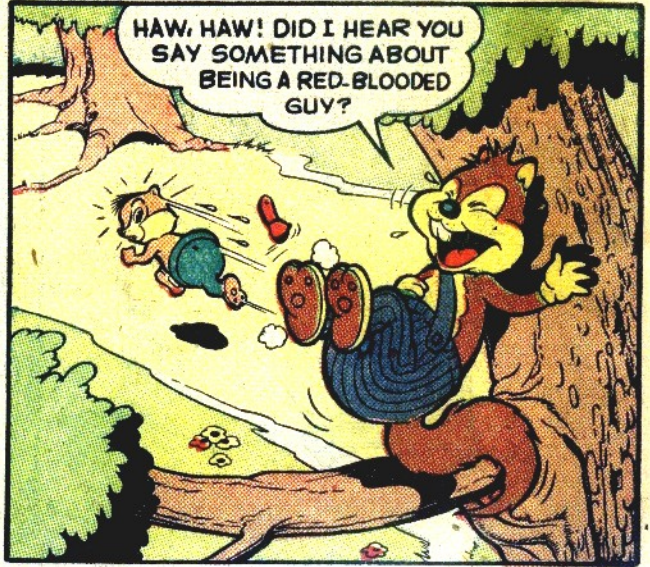
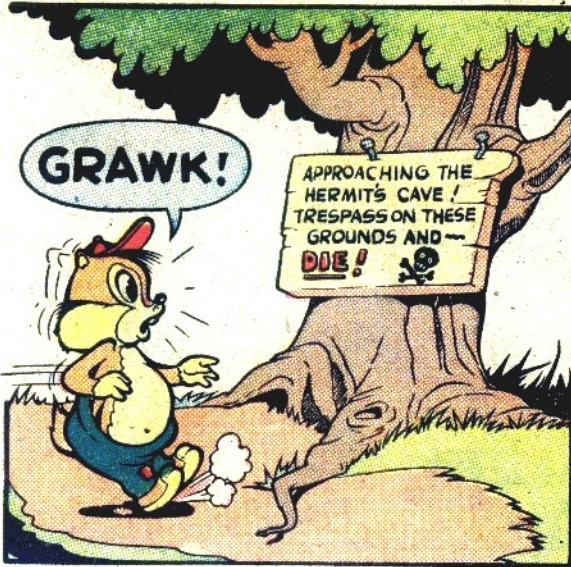
BUT, GEE WHIZ,
HERMIT! I WAS ONLY
GOING TO TEACH YOU
HOW TO BE A SOCIAL
SUCCESS!

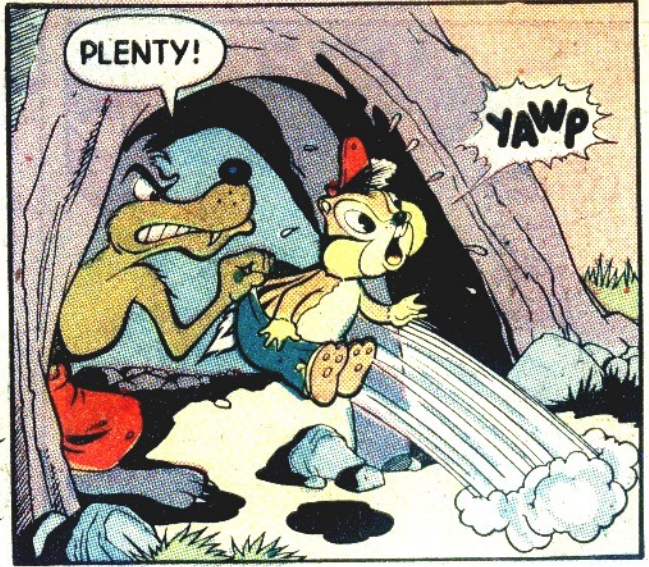
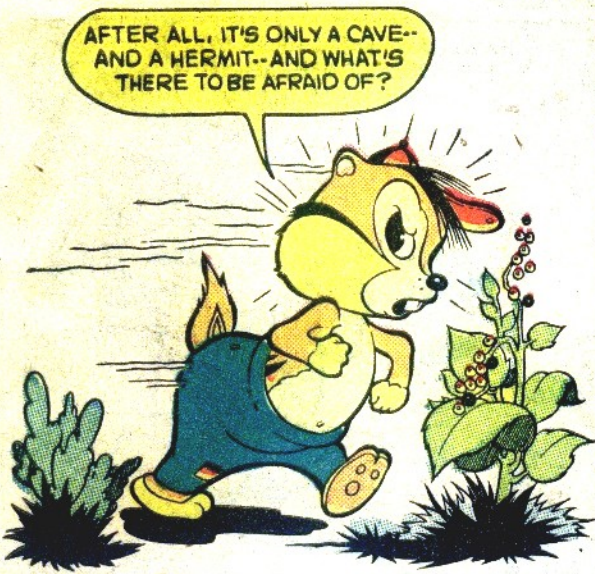


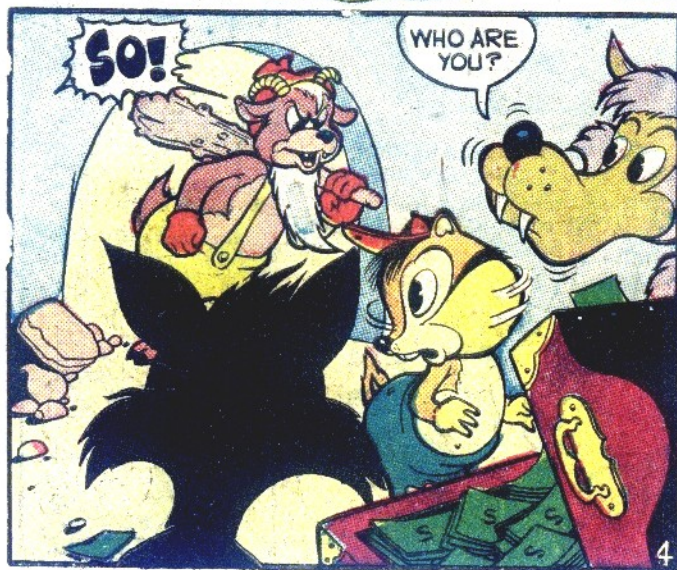
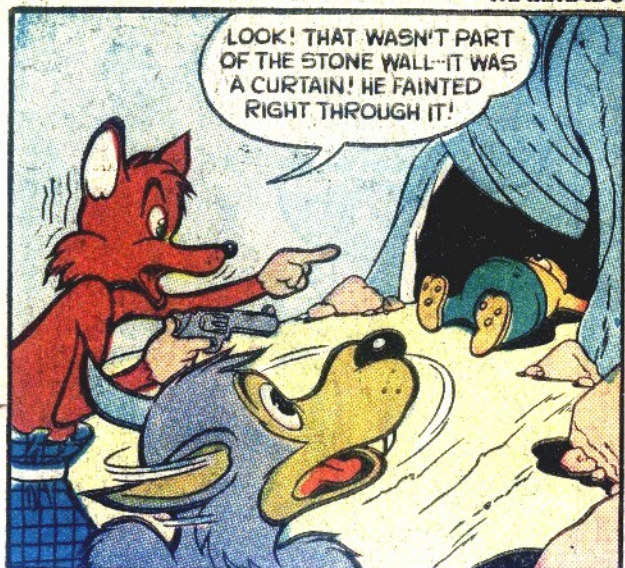
WHAT A GLORIOUS
DAY--A DAY FOR
LIVING FOR
ADVENTURE!

ADVENTURE! THAT'S IT! A
RED-BLOODED GUY LIKE
ME THRIVES ON IT!

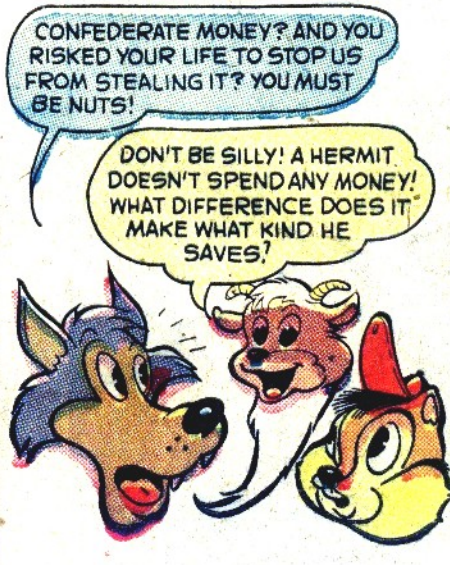
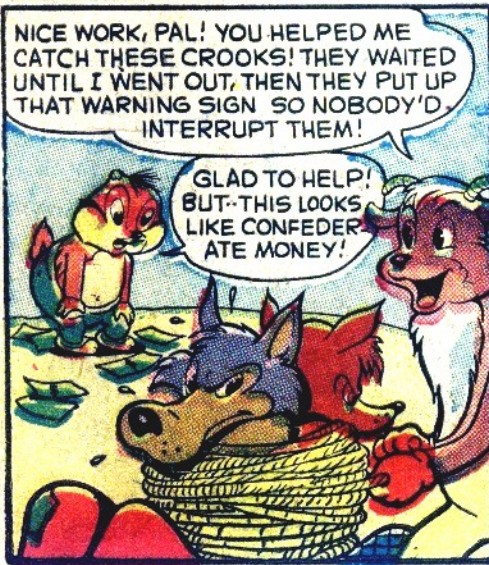
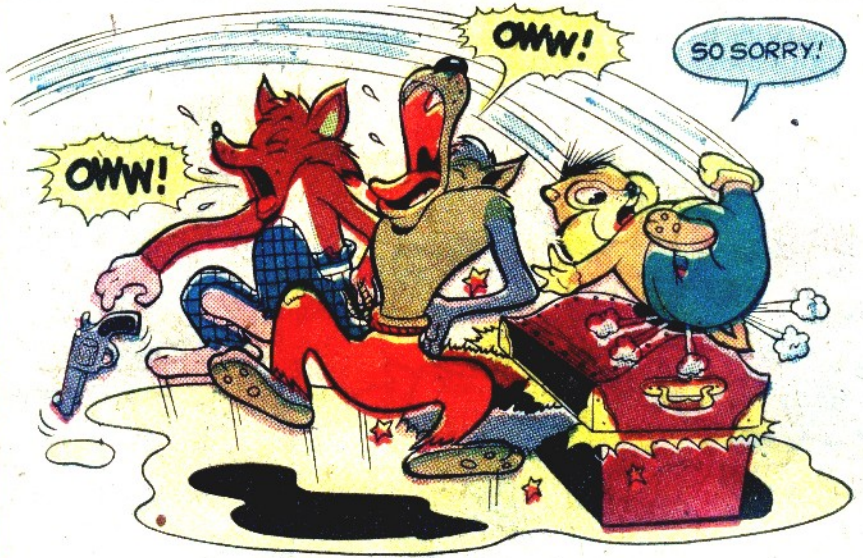






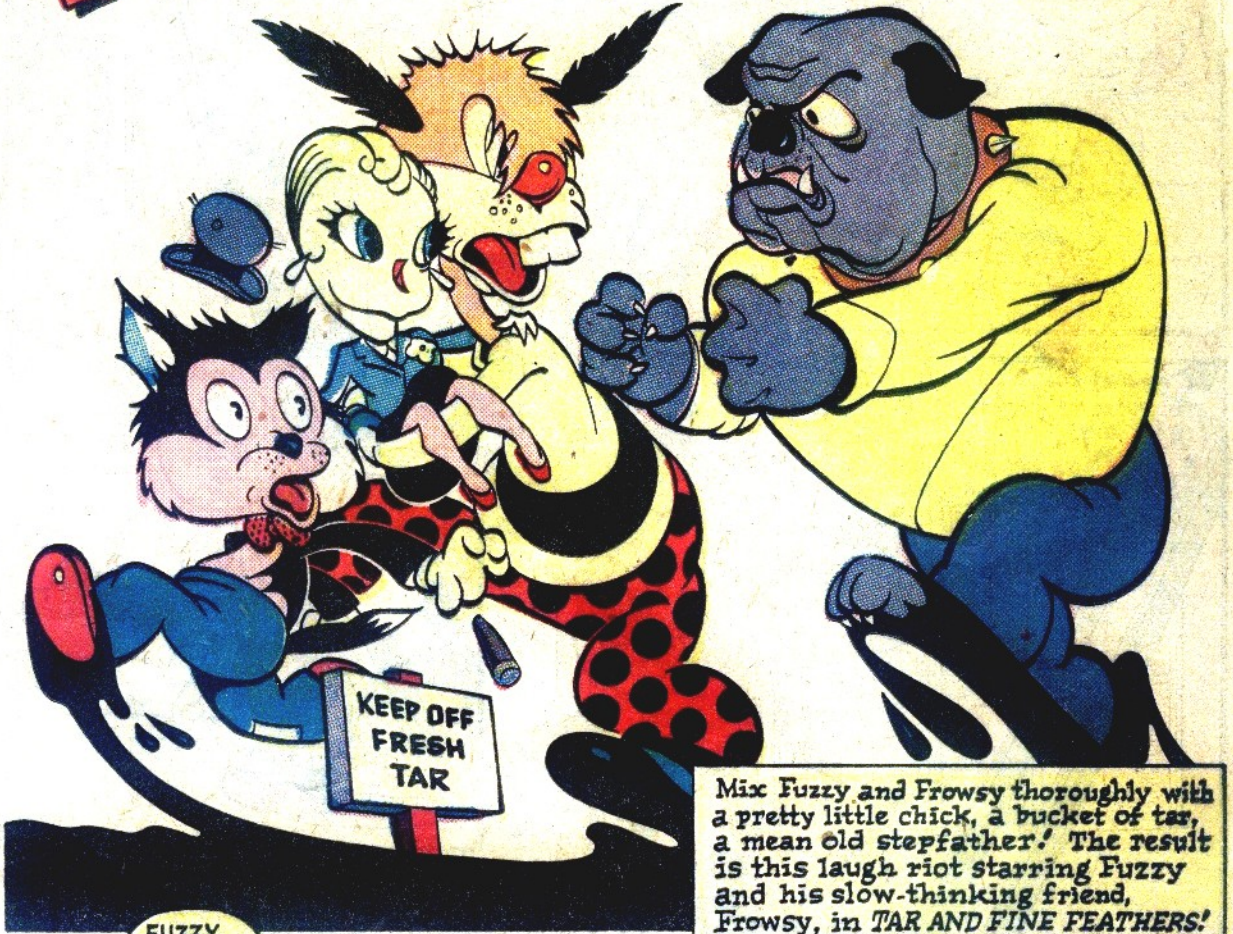


I AM NOT! I'M AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER!



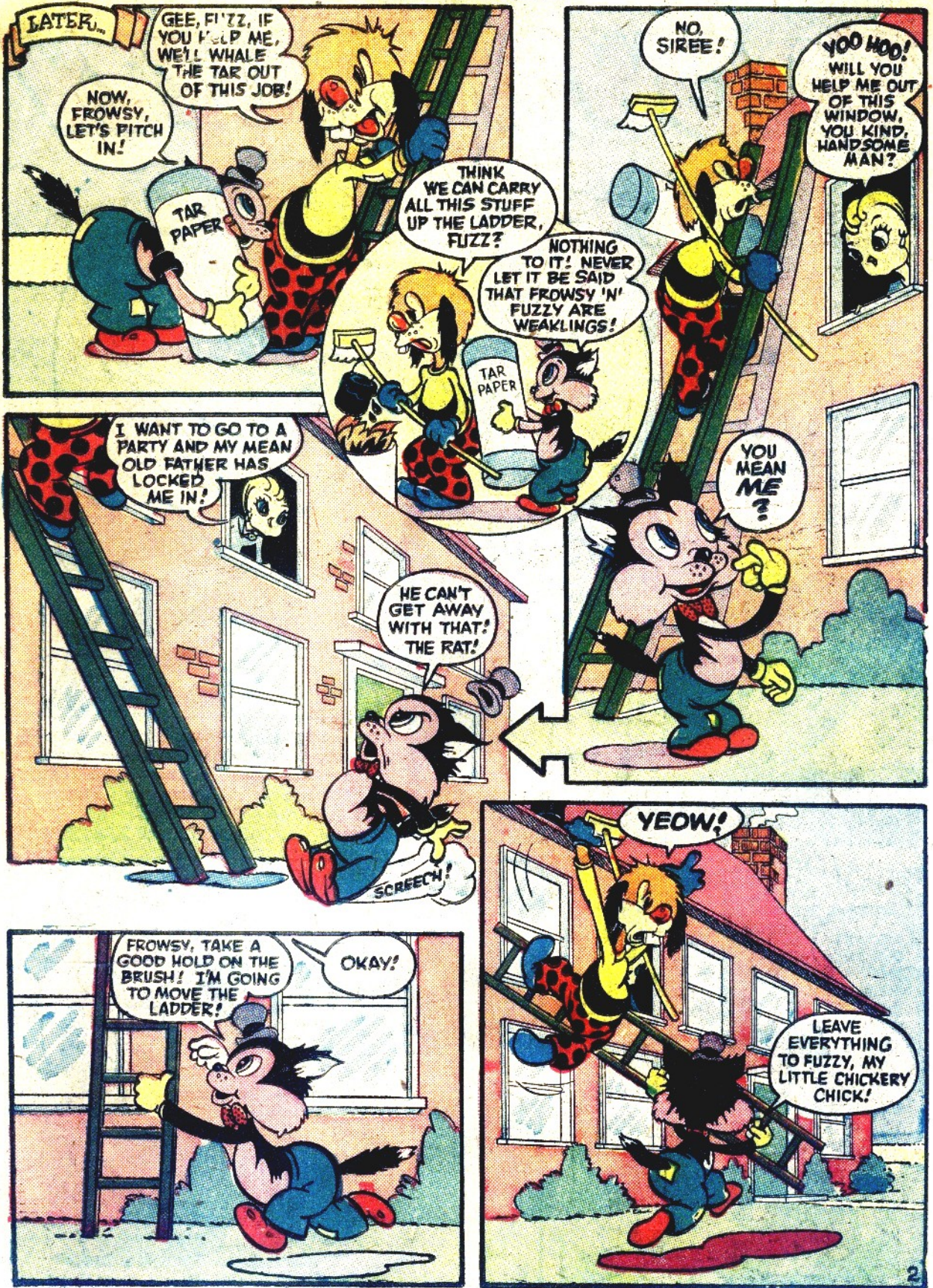
MARMADUKE MOUSE

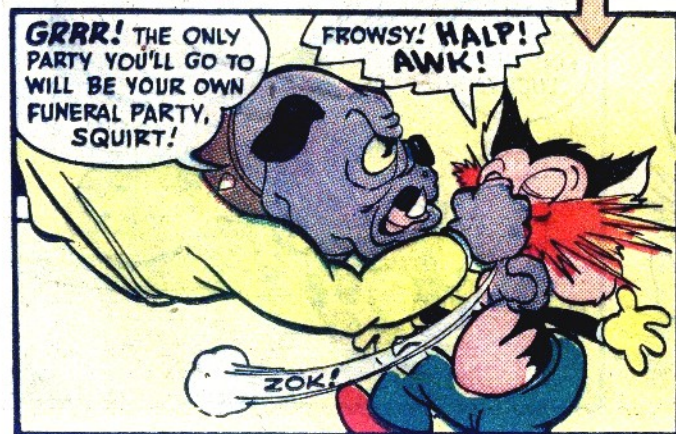
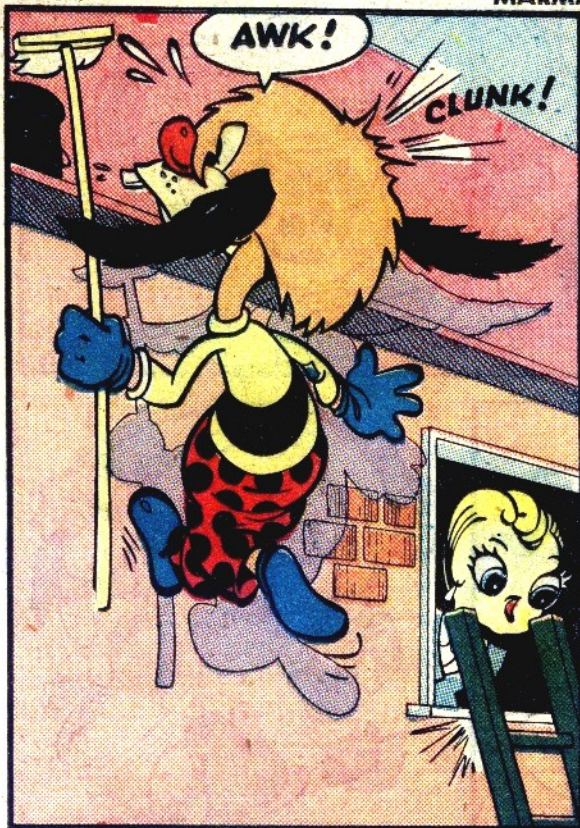
FROWSY and FUZZY

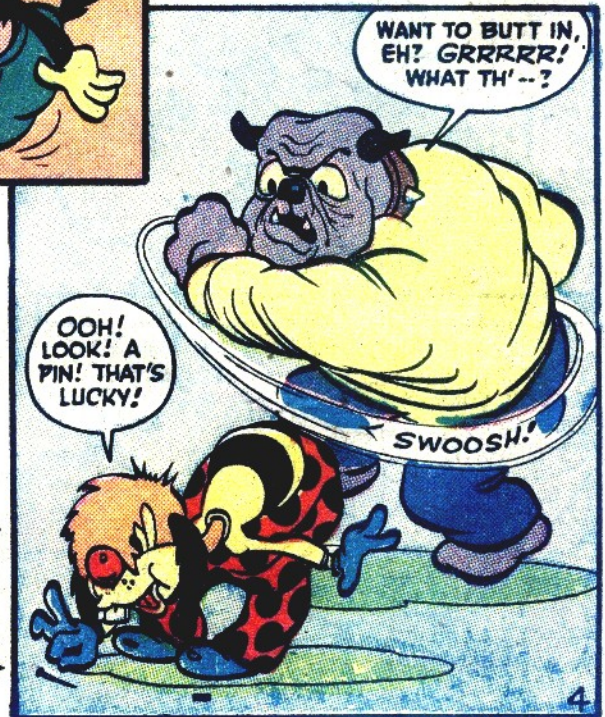
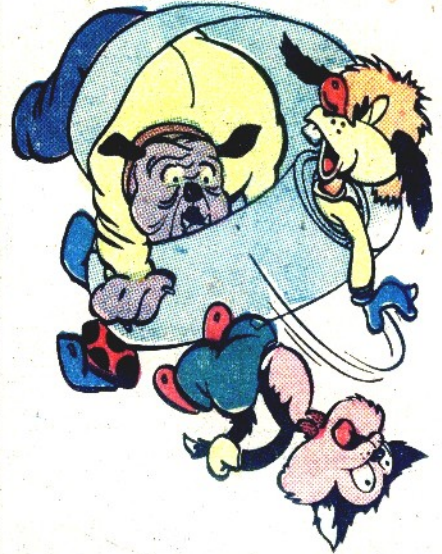
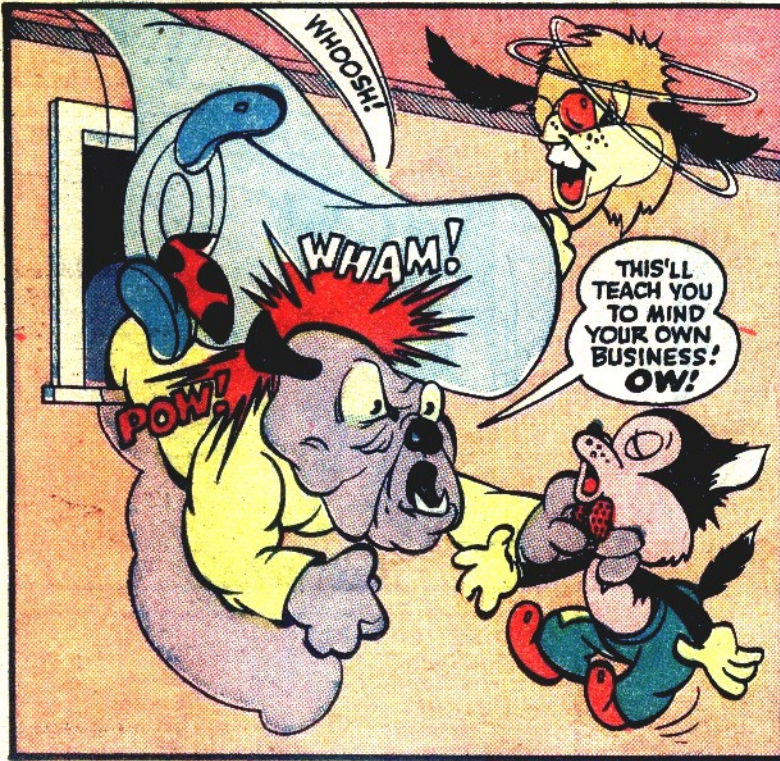
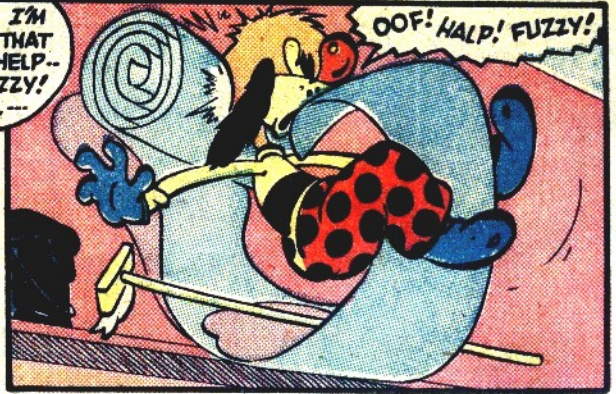
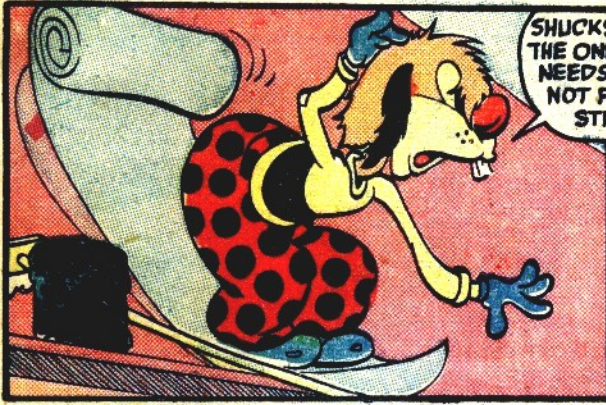


Mix Fuzzy and Frowsy thoroughly with a pretty little chick, a bucket of tar, a mean old stepfather! The result is this laugh riot starring Fuzzy and his slow-thinking friend, Frowsy, in **TAR AND FINE FEATHERS!**











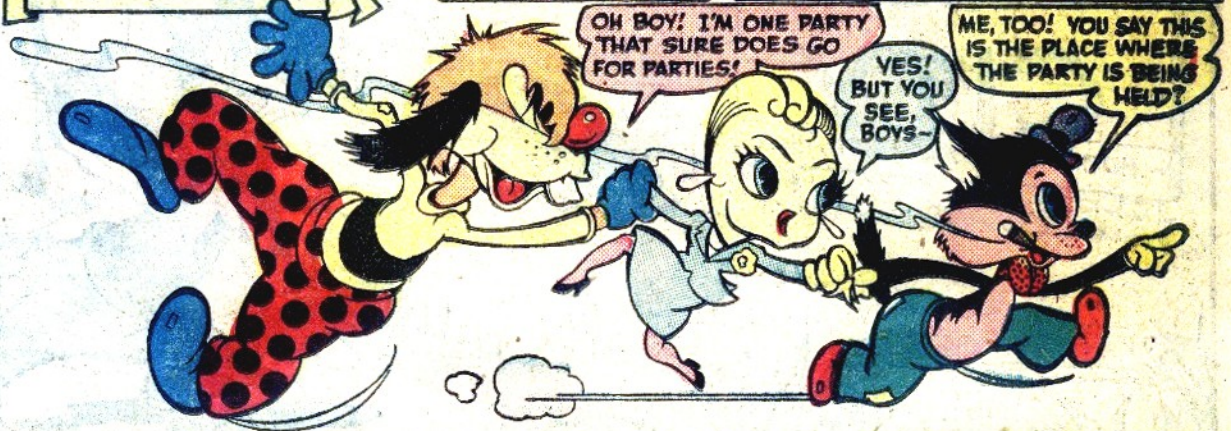
GRRR!
I'LL TEAR
YOU LUGS
APART!



QUICK, CHICK!
NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE TO GET
AWAY TO THE
PARTY!

GLUB!

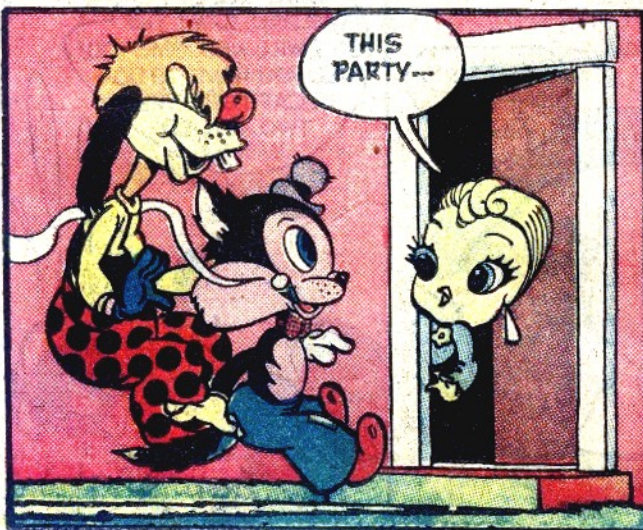
A few seconds later..
the party escapes!



OH BOY! I'M ONE PARTY
THAT SURE DOES GO
FOR PARTIES!

ME, TOO! YOU SAY THIS
IS THE PLACE WHERE
THE PARTY IS BEING
HELD?

YES!
BUT YOU
SEE, BOYS—



THIS
PARTY---

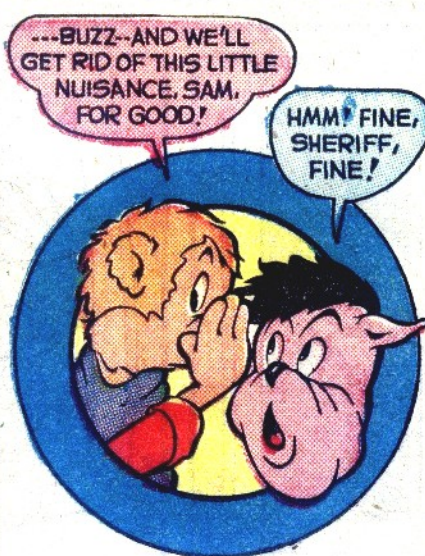
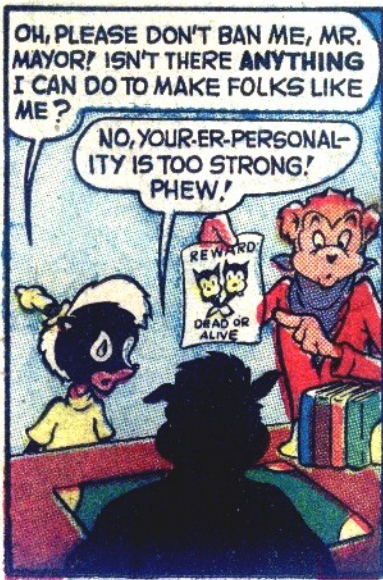
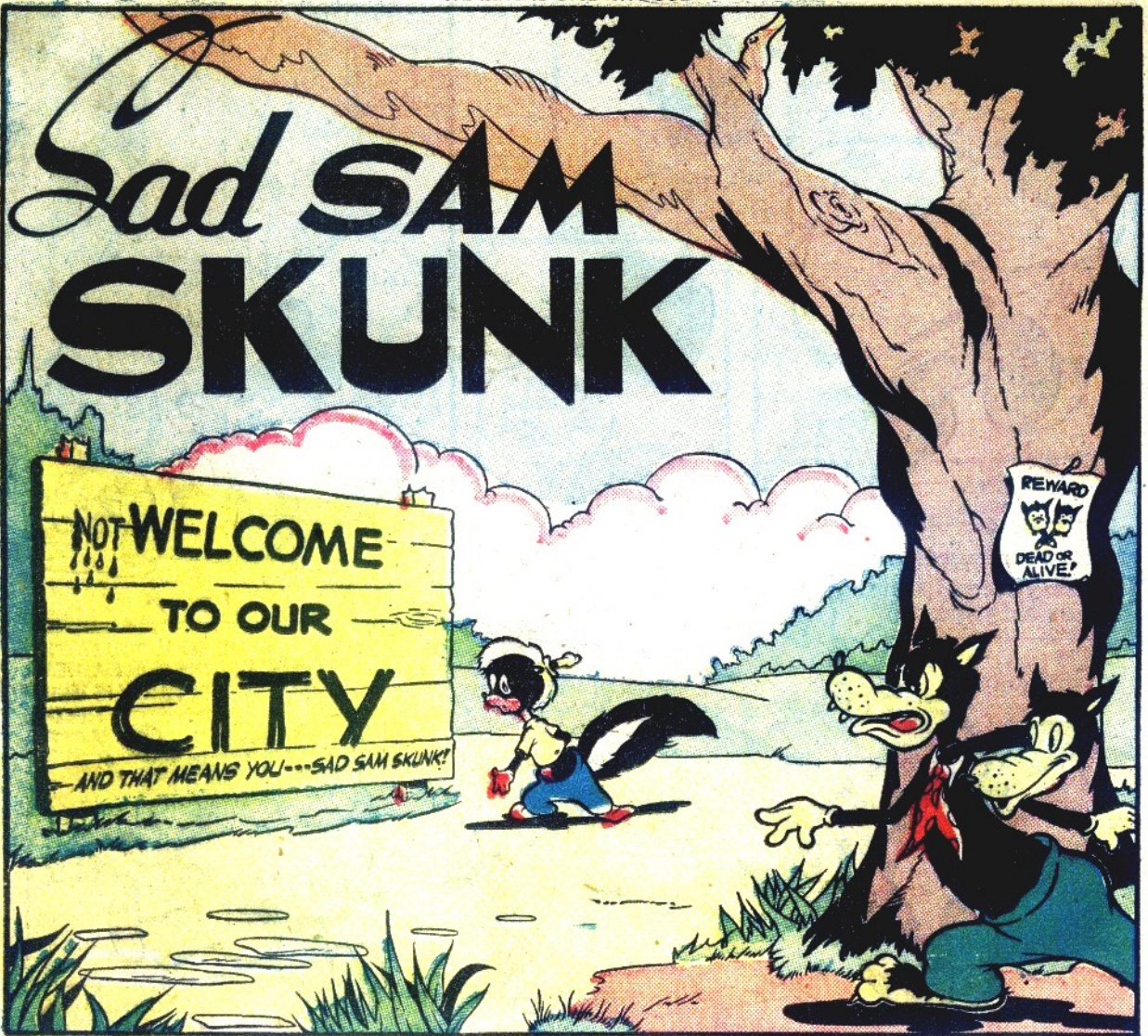


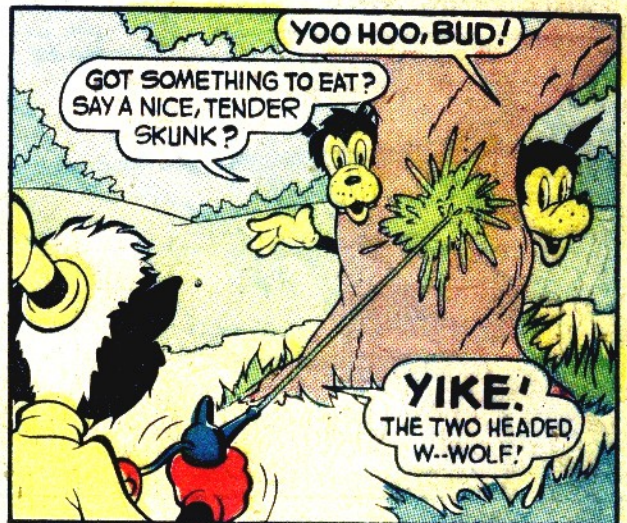
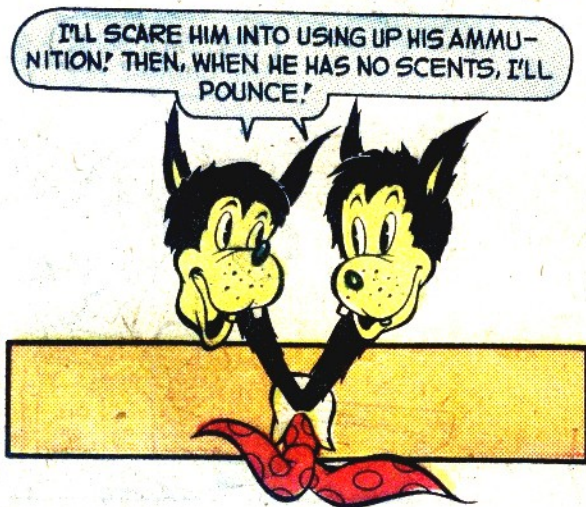
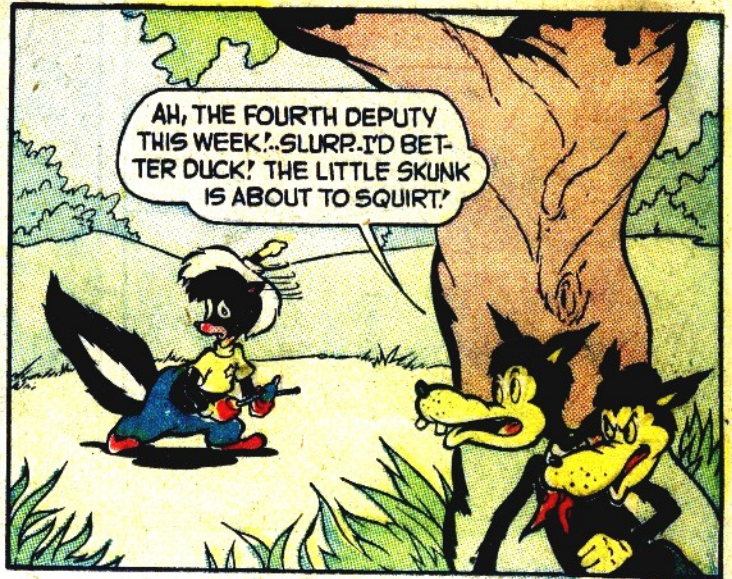
—IS A HEN
PARTY! NO MEN
ALLOWED!

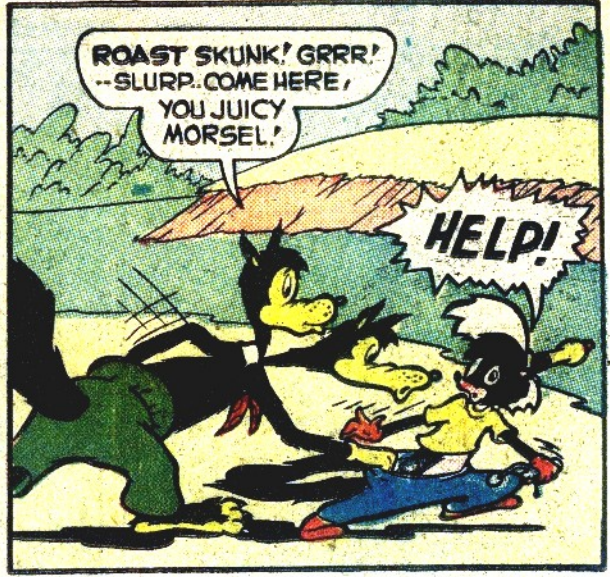
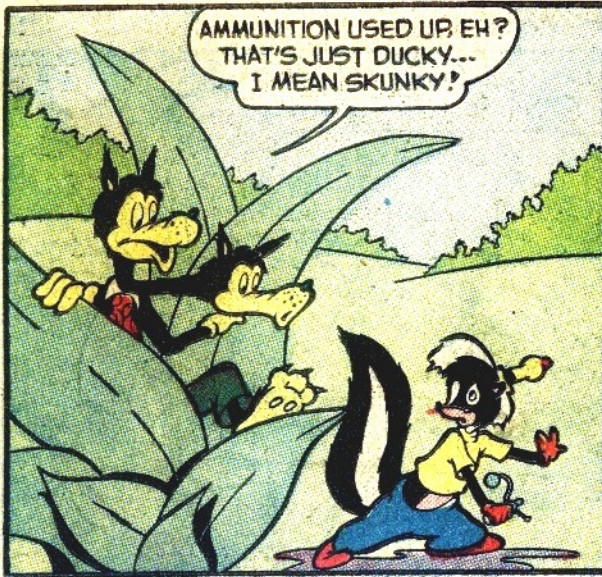
I'LL NEVER BE A
PARTY TO THAT KIND
OF A PARTY AGAIN!

OW!

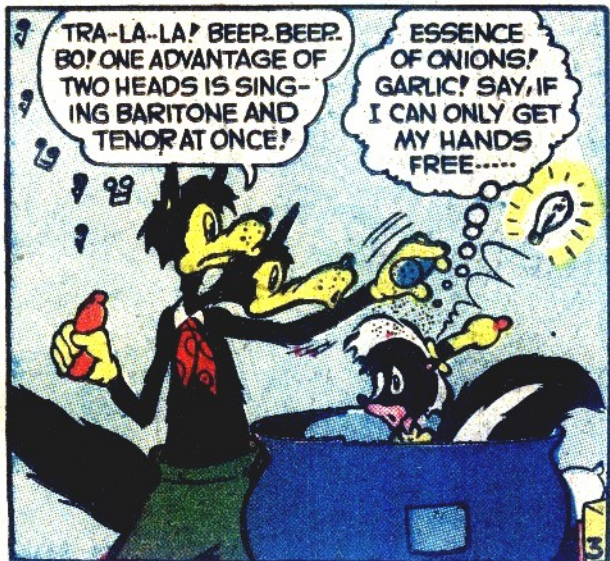
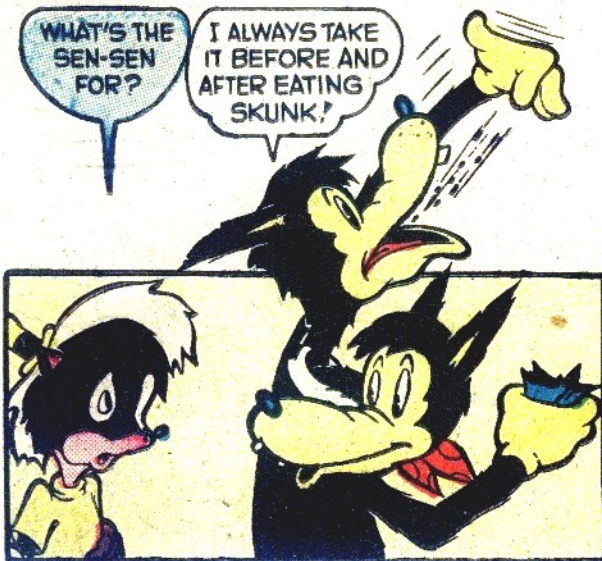
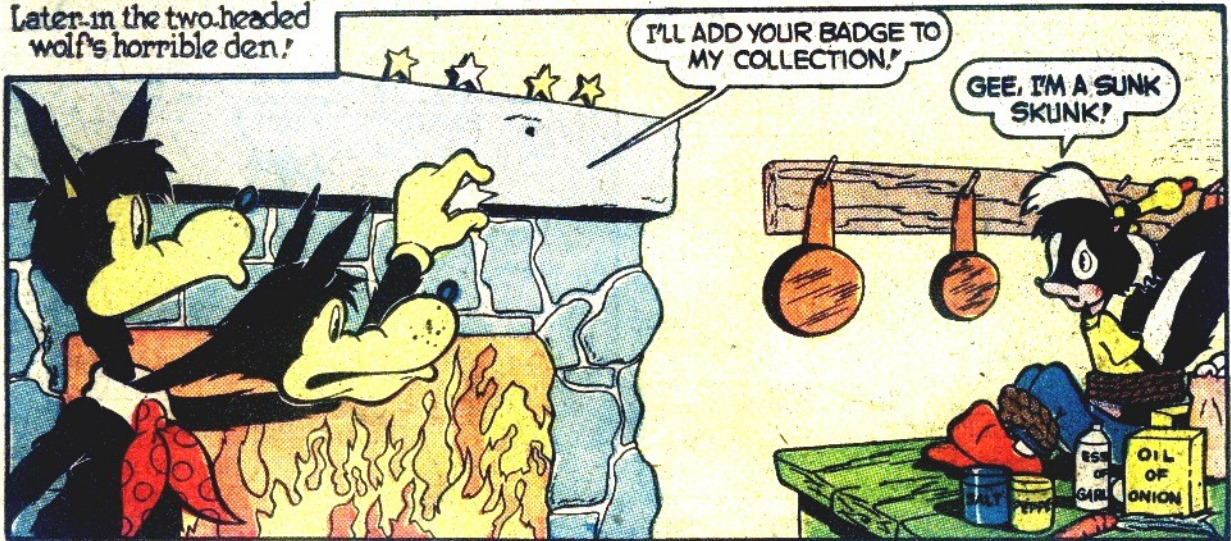
SCAM!



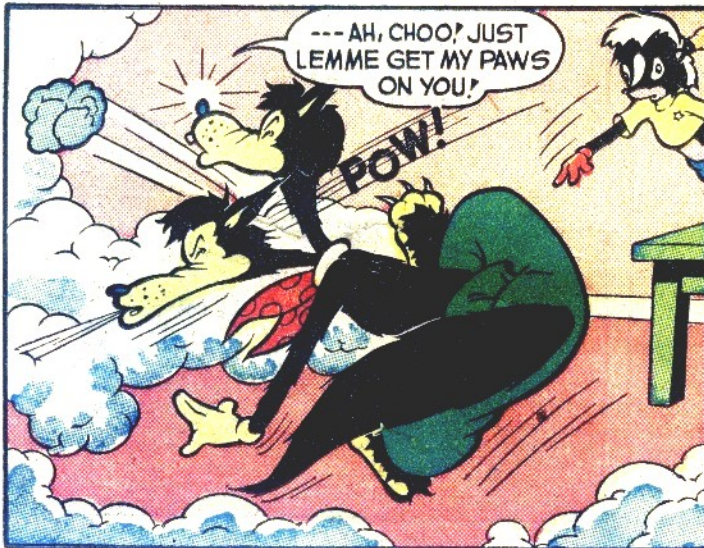
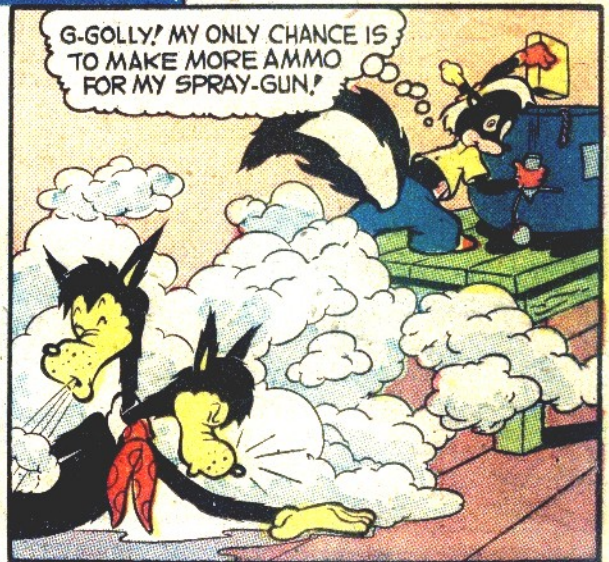
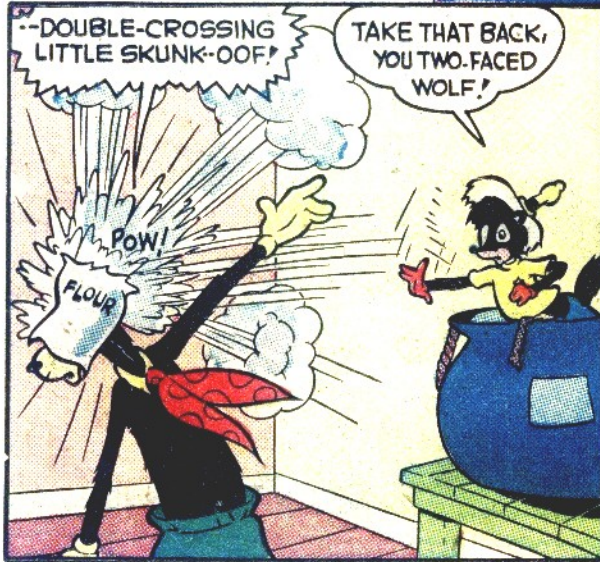




Later in the two-headed
wolf's horrible den!



MARMADUKE MOUSE



MARMADUKE MOUSE

FEE FI FUM FEATURE!
GIVE ME YOUR SMALLEST
LIVING CREATURE!

READ YE!
READ YE!

COULD HE
MEAN ME?

THE TERRIBLE
VOICE OF THE
MOUNTAIN DEMANDS
THAT A LIVING
CREATURE BE GIVEN
UP TO HIM! IT IS
DECEDED THAT THE
VICTIM SHALL BE
THE SMALLEST
CREATURE IN
THE LAND!

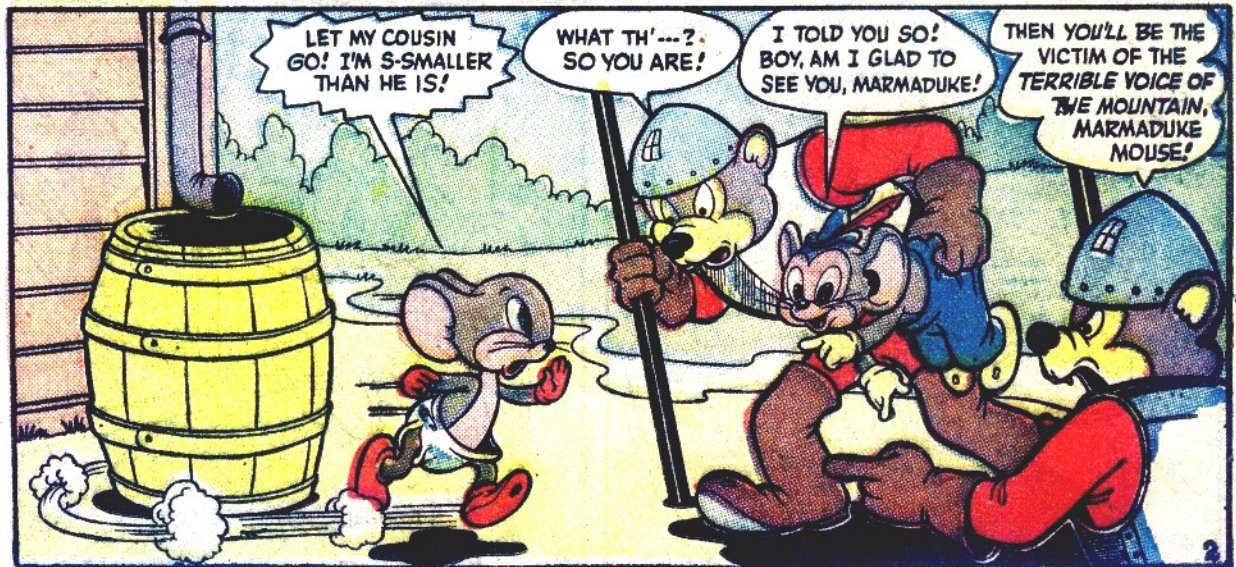
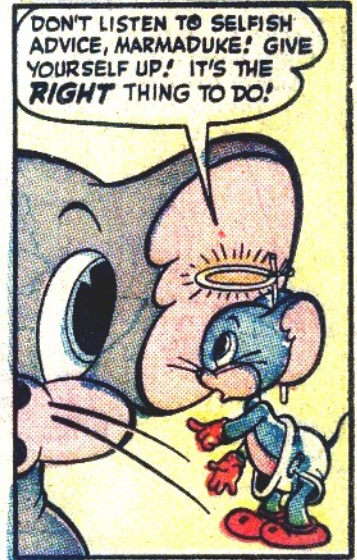
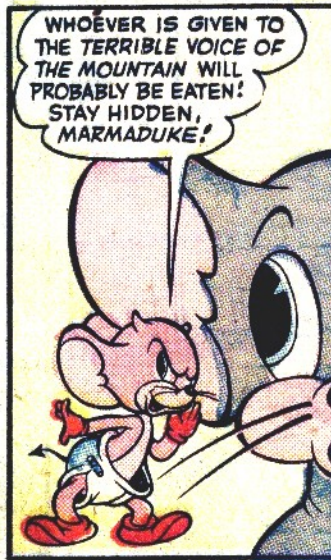
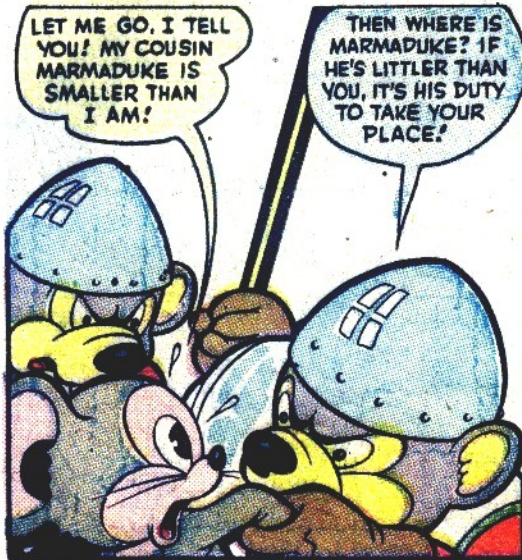
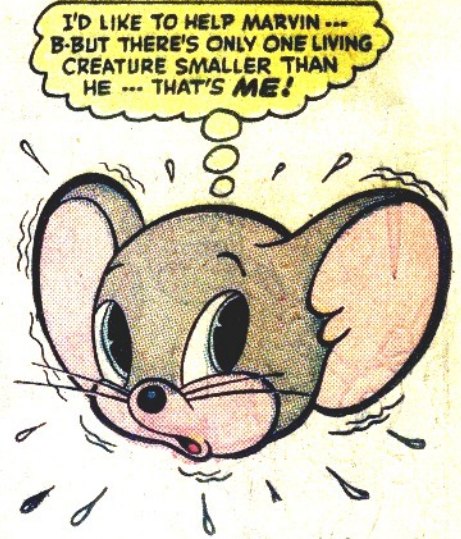
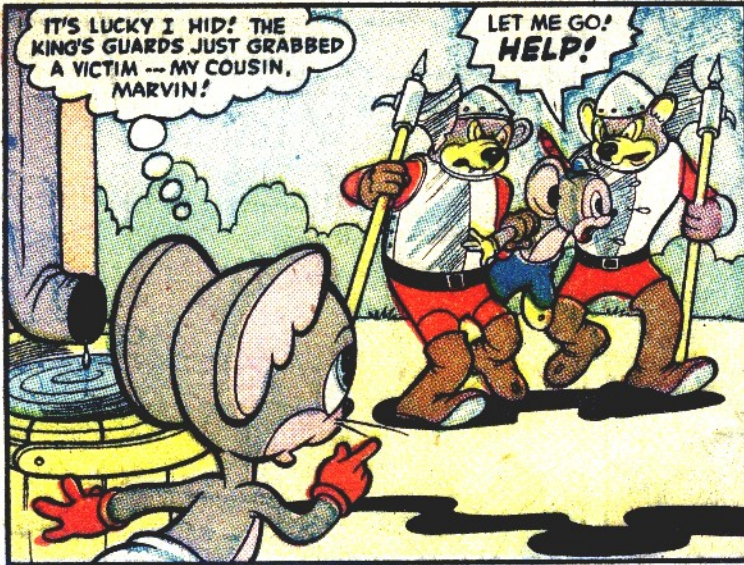
TOWN
CRIER

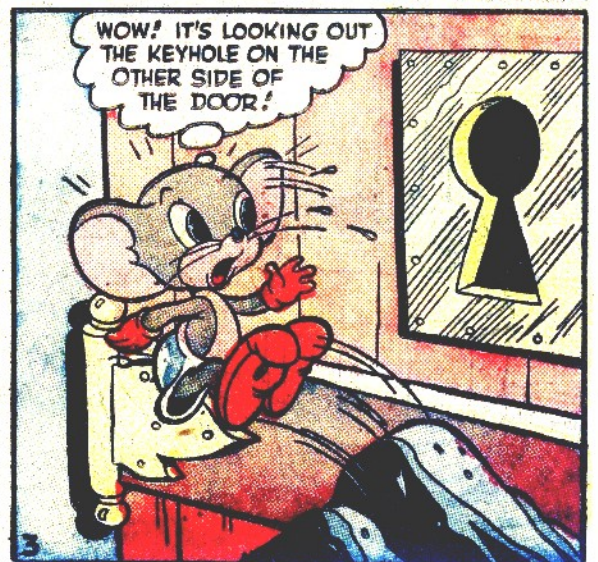
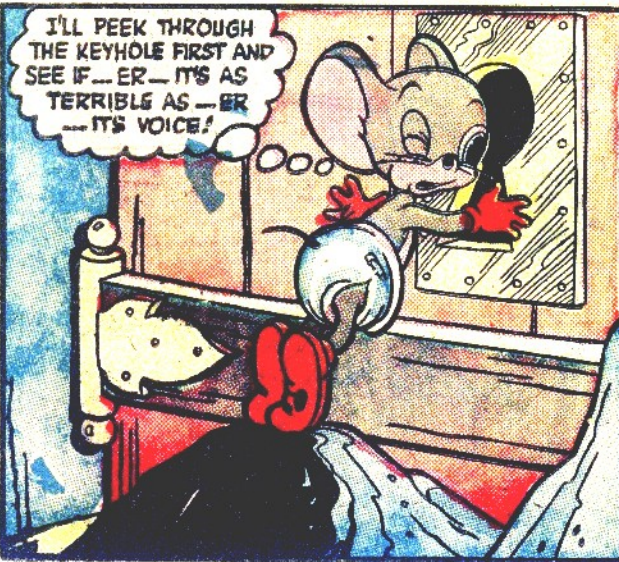
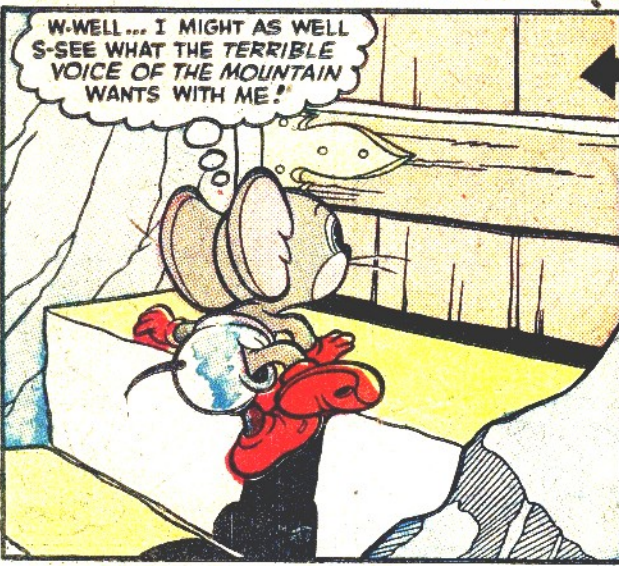
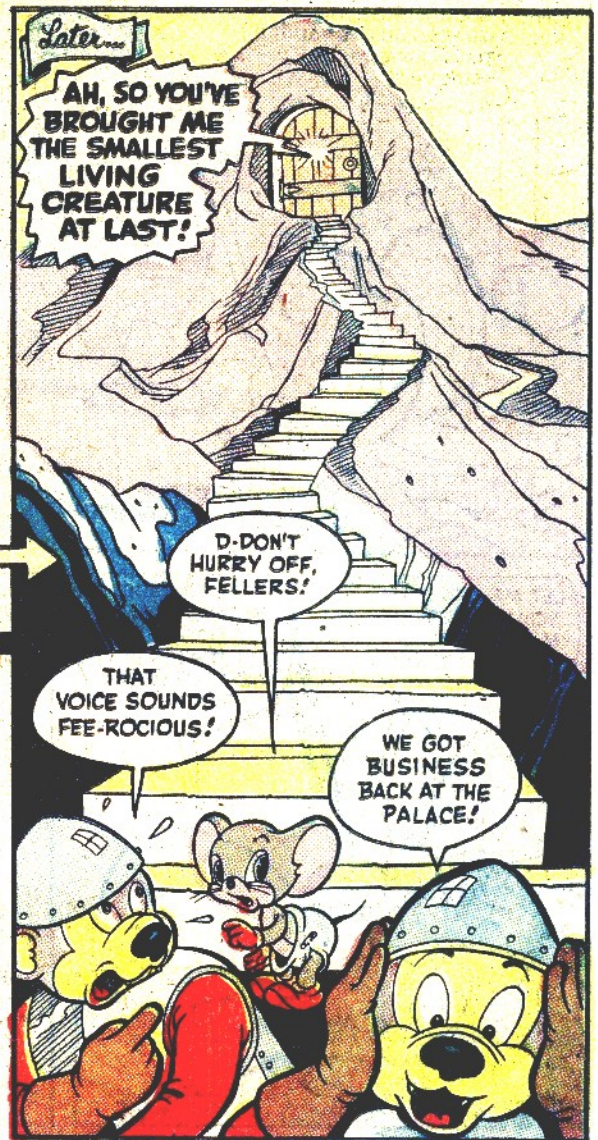
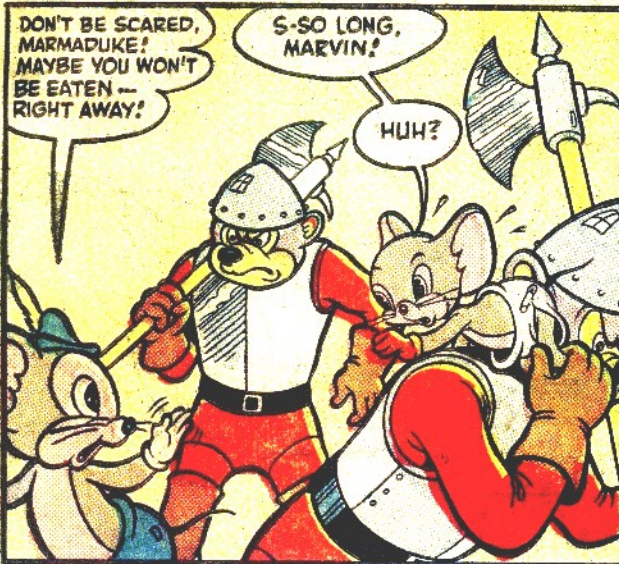
GLANCE!
GLANCE!

JEEPERS! I BETTER HIDE BEFORE
SOMEBODY DECIDES I'M THE SMALLEST
CREATURE IN THE LAND....

... AND GIVES ME UP TO THE
TERRIBLE VOICE OF
THE MOUNTAIN!

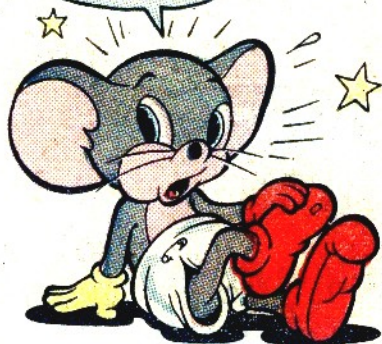
Swoosh!



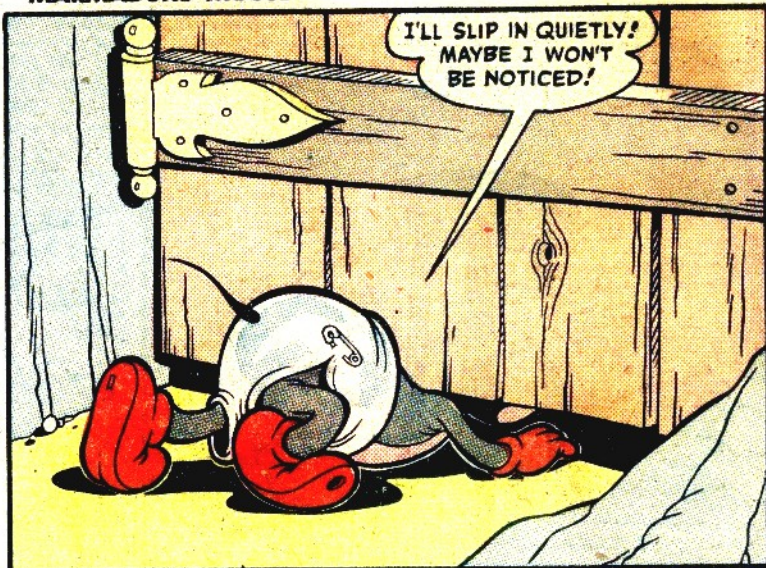


MARMADUKE MOUSE

G-GOLLY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY FEET? THEY'RE LIKE ICE! I KNOW --- I'VE GOT COLD FEET!

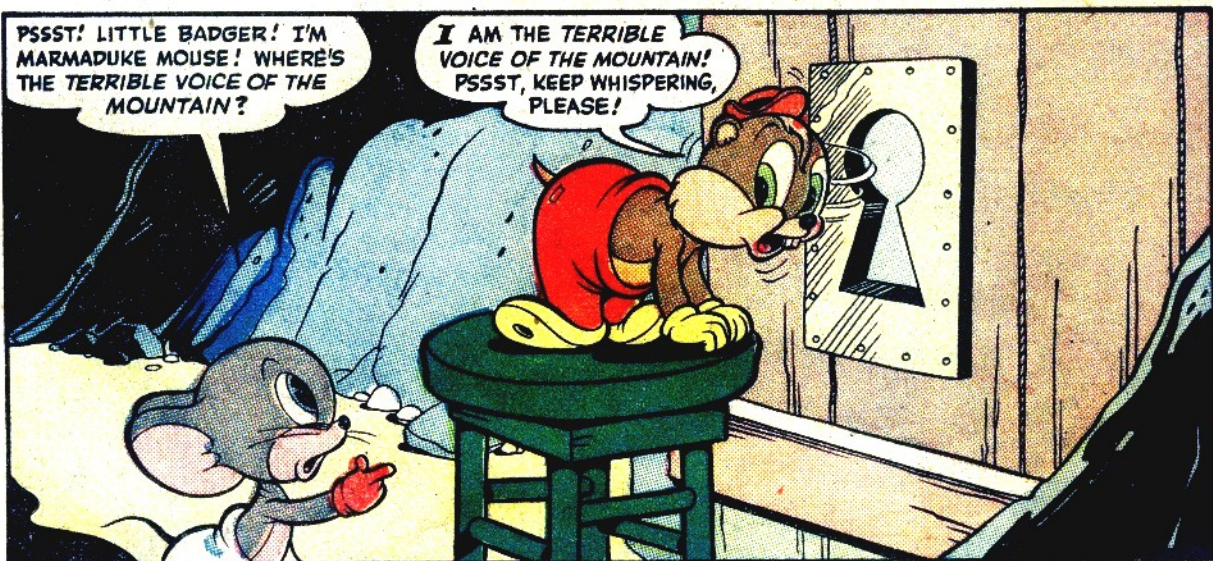


I'LL SLIP IN QUIETLY! MAYBE I WON'T BE NOTICED!



PSSST! LITTLE BADGER! I'M MARMADUKE MOUSE! WHERE'S THE TERRIBLE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN?

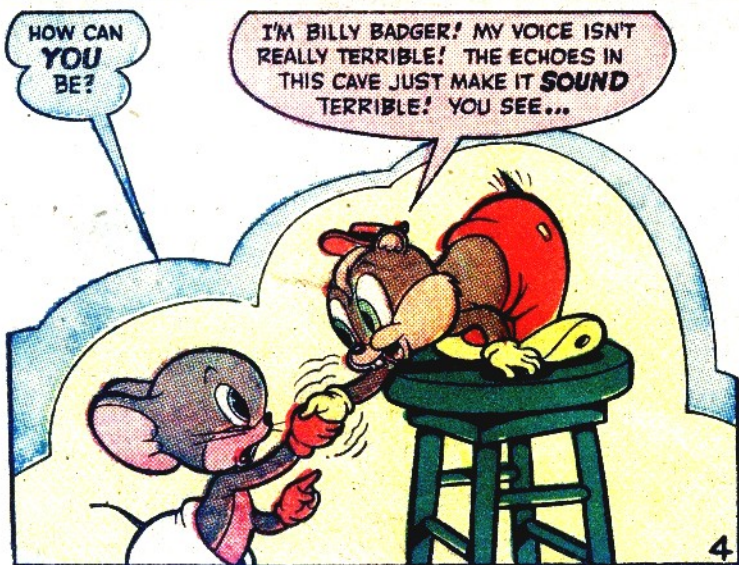
I AM THE TERRIBLE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN! PSSST, KEEP WHISPERING, PLEASE!



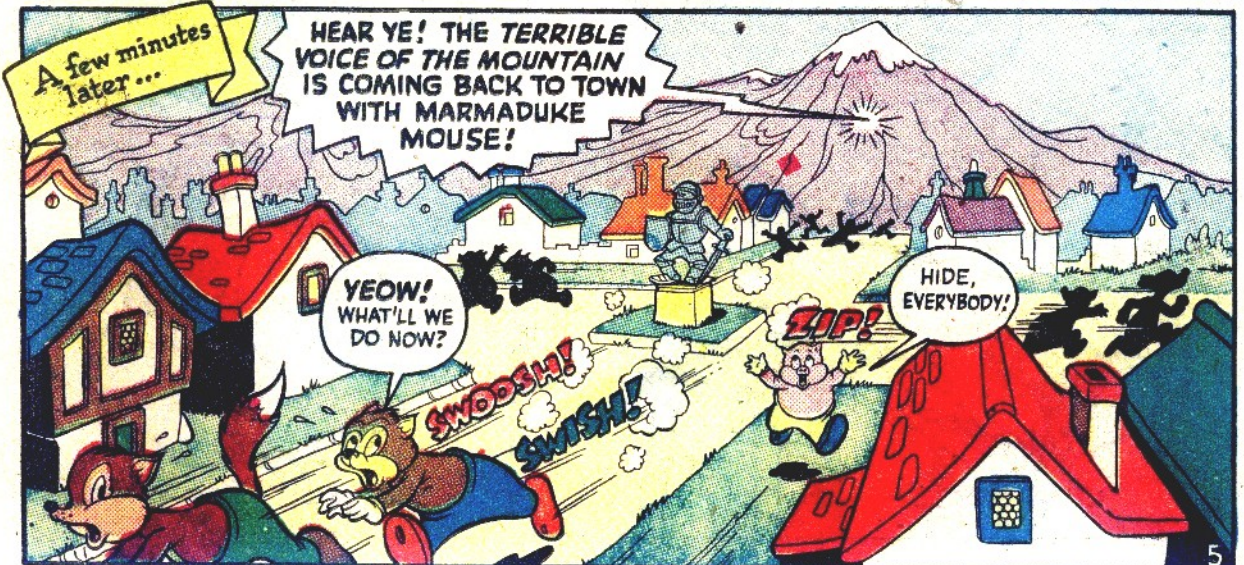
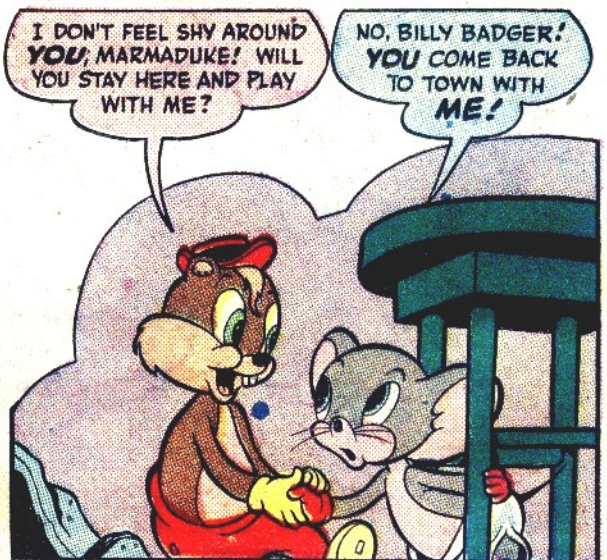
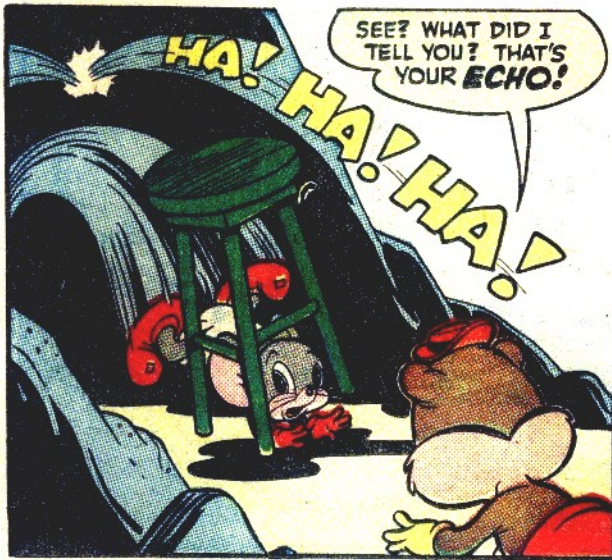
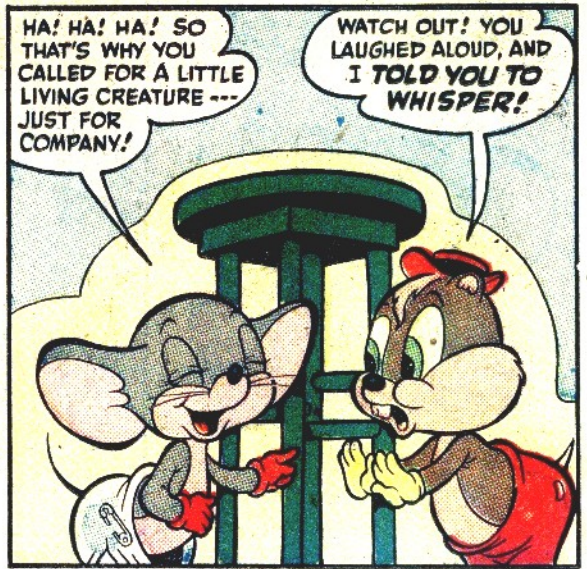
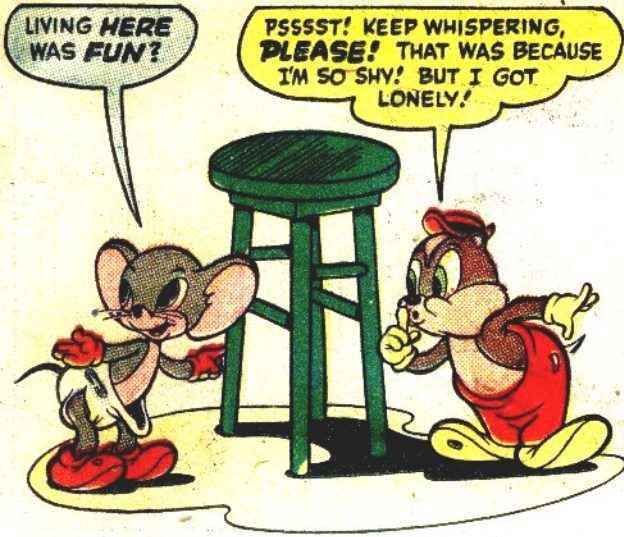
HOW CAN YOU BE?

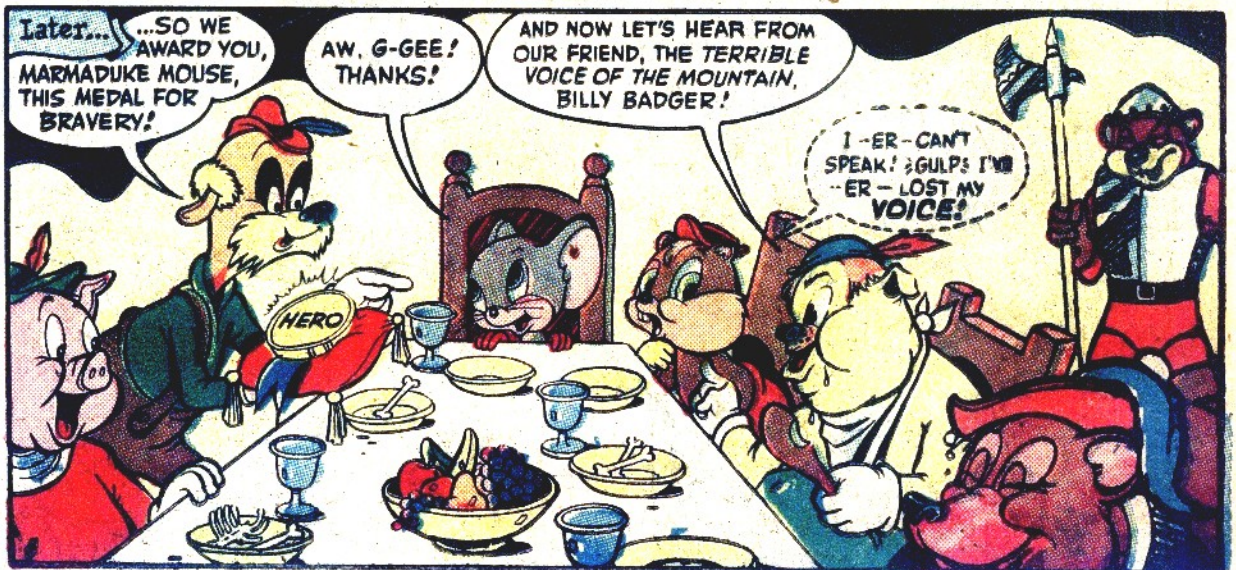
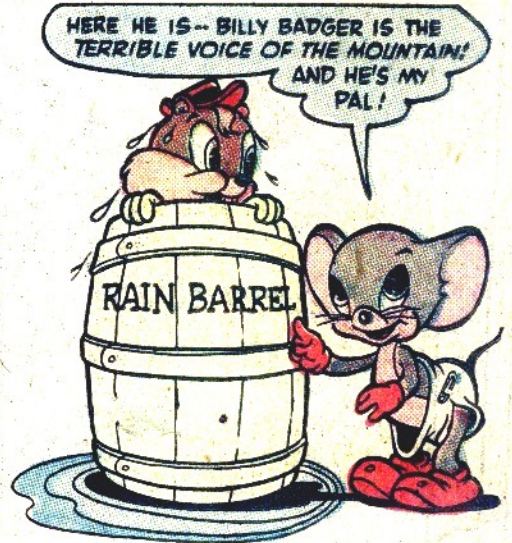
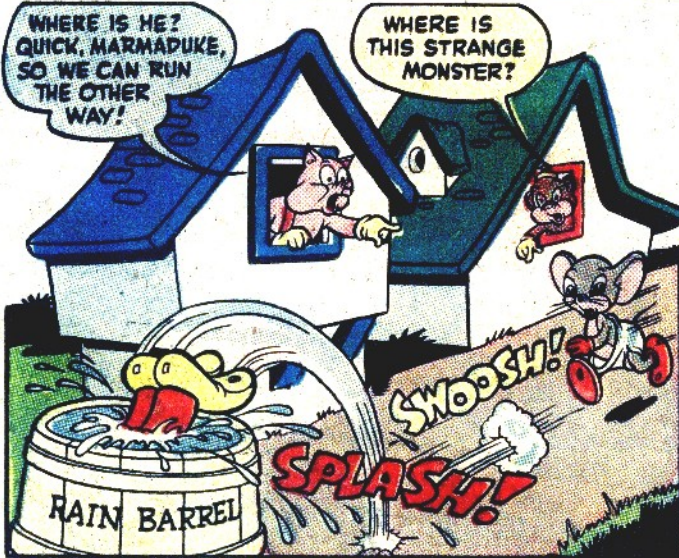
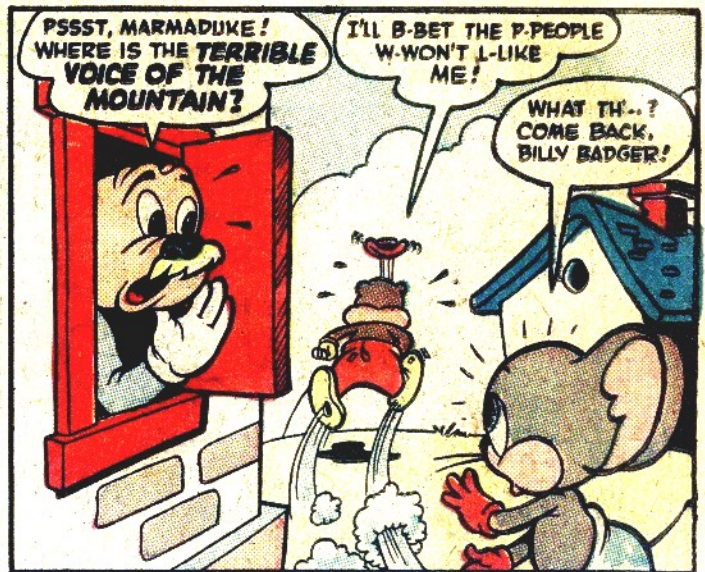
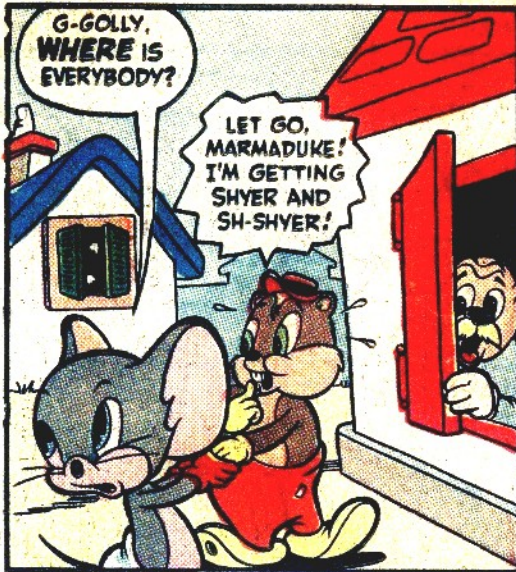
I'M BILLY BADGER! MY VOICE ISN'T REALLY TERRIBLE! THE ECHOES IN THIS CAVE JUST MAKE IT **SOUND** TERRIBLE! YOU SEE...

... I INHERITED THIS CAVE FROM MY GRANDFATHER, HERMIT BADGER! LIVING HERE ALL ALONE SEEMED LIKE FUN AT FIRST!



MARMADUKE MOUSE





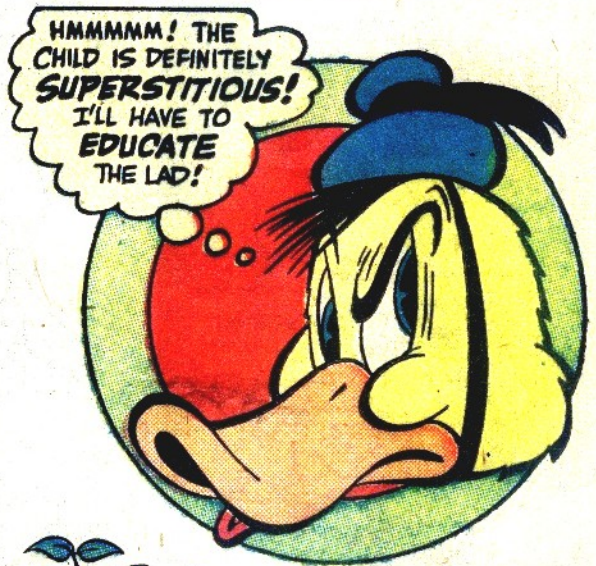
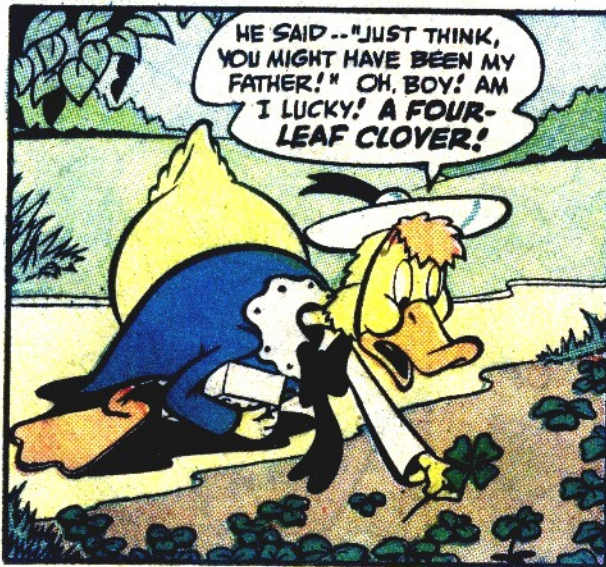
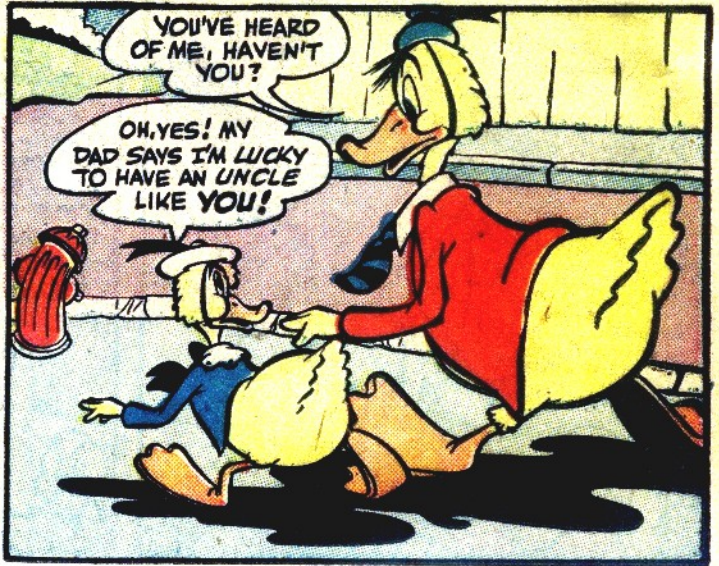
Giddy GOOSE

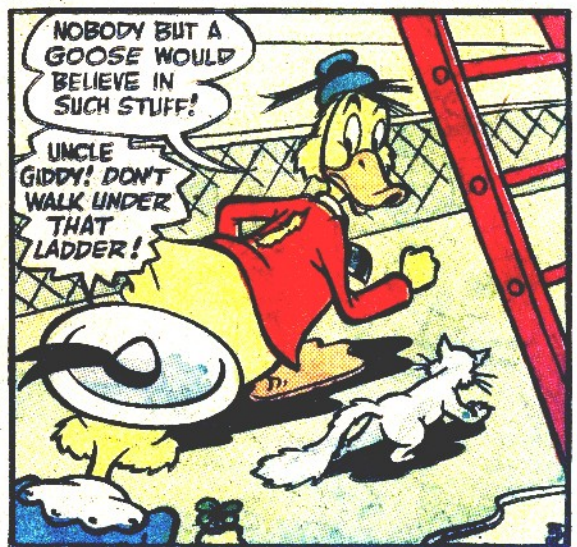
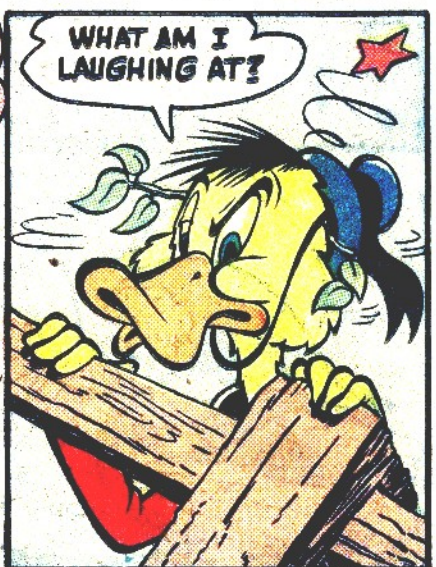
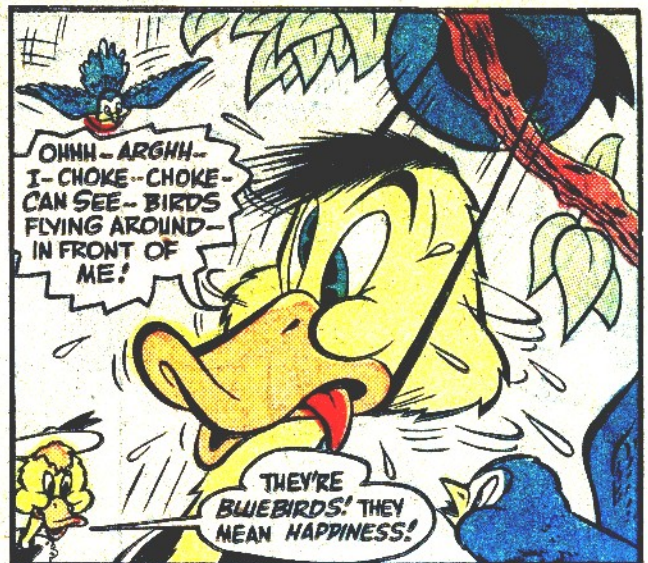
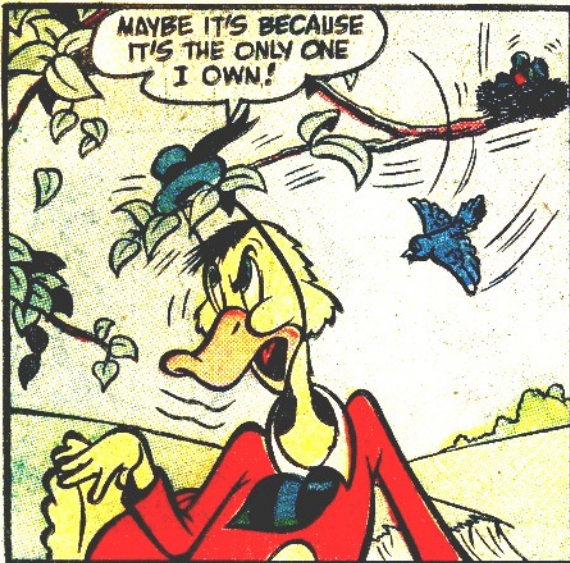
YOU CAN
COME UP NOW,
UNCLE GIDDY! I
WON'T BE **SUPERSTITIOUS**
ANY MORE! YOU HAVE PROVEN
THAT **LUCKY HORSE SHOES**
DON'T HELP ANYBODY WHO
CAN'T SWIM!

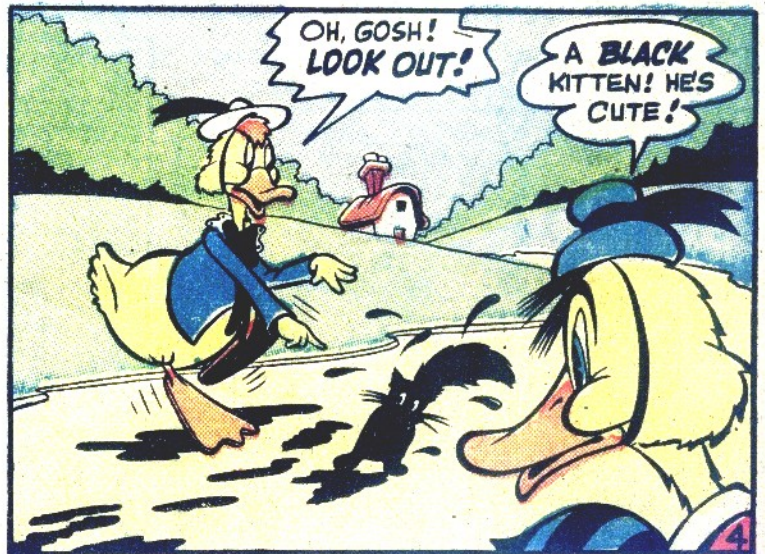
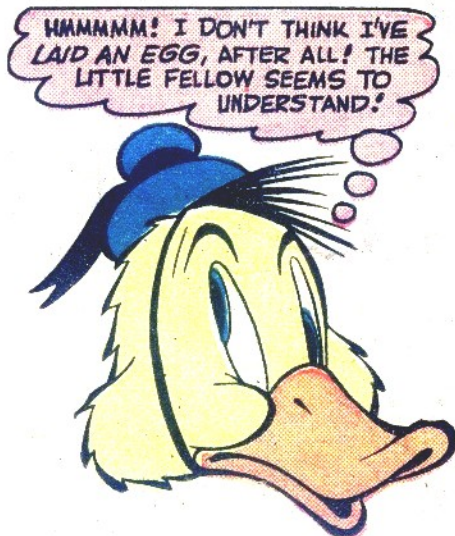
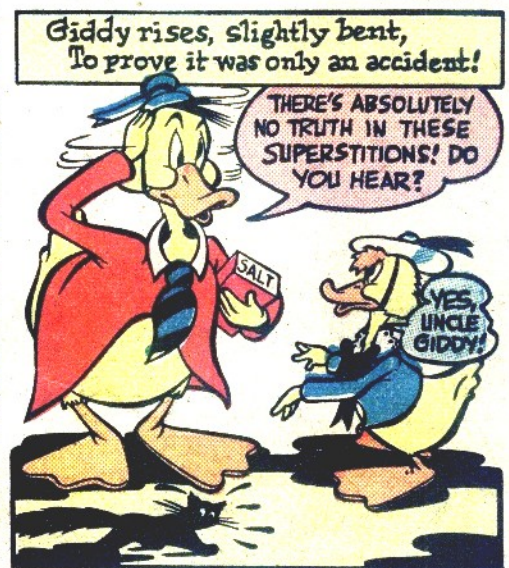
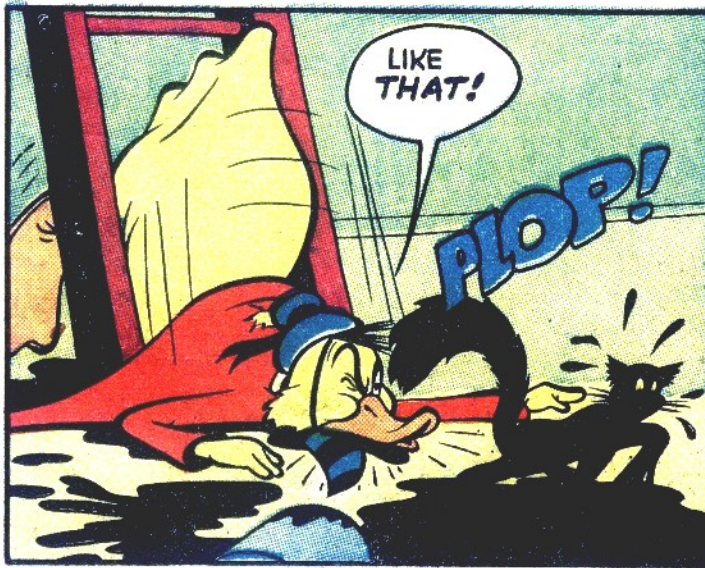
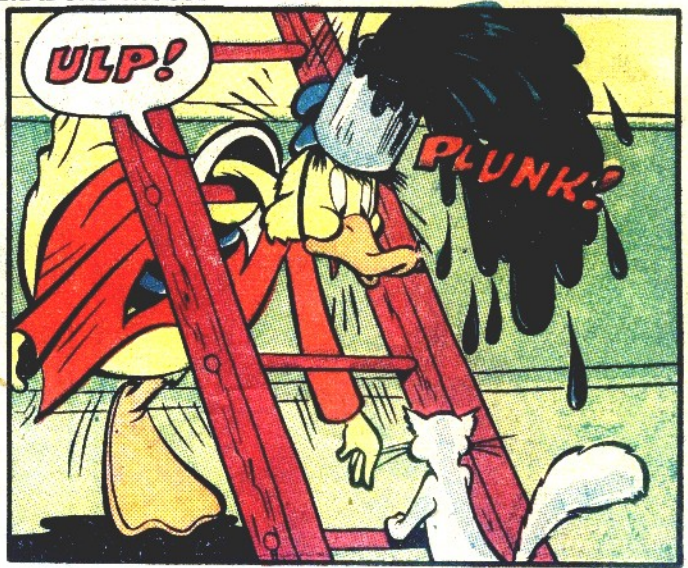
WELL, WELL,
THERE'S MY
LITTLE NEPHEW
GADDY! WHY, I
REMEMBER HIM
WHEN HE WAS
ONLY AN
EGG!

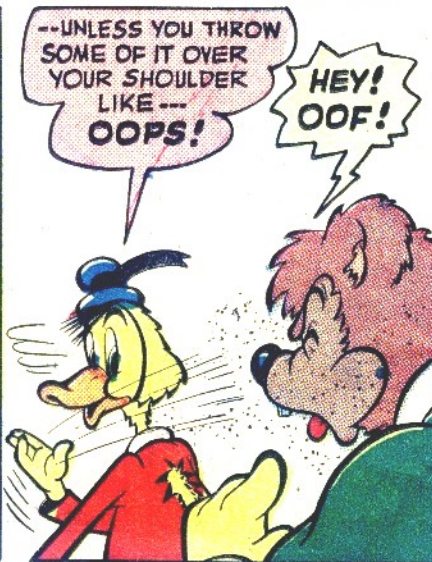
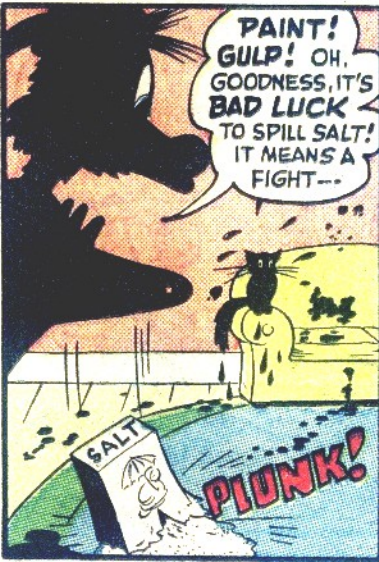
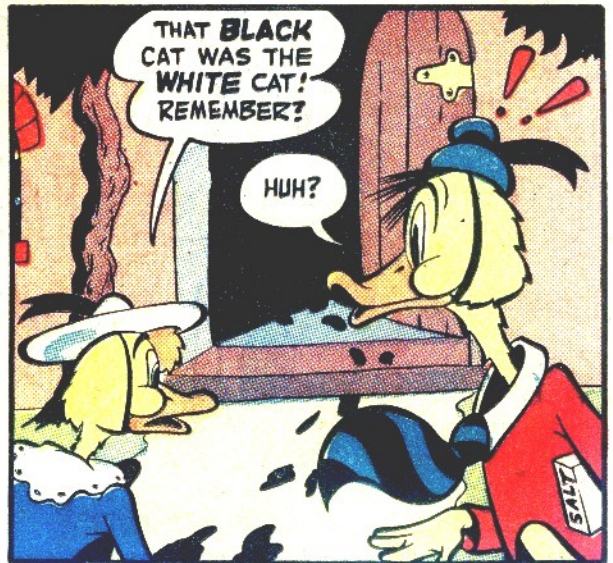
I'D KNOW THAT SILLY
LOOKING KISSER ANY PLACE!
HE TAKES AFTER MY
SISTER'S SIDE OF
THE FAMILY!







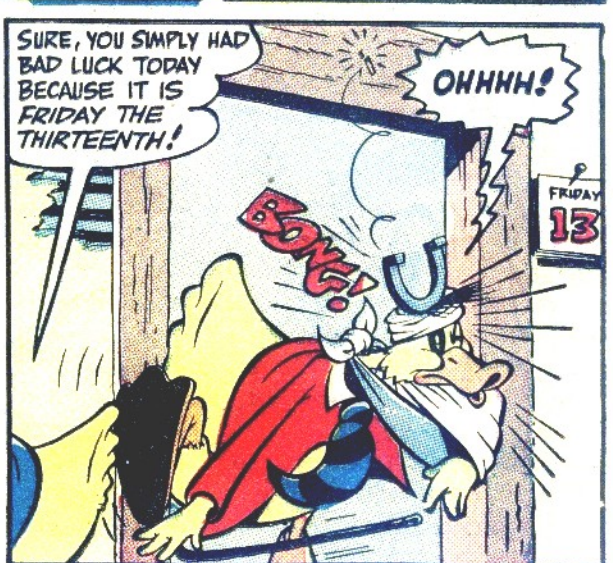




Nephew Giddy sits and waits, While Giddy...er-uh-hesitates!



Giddy cares naught for bruise or pain.. His lesson taught was not in vain!



Long Live the King

MARMADUKE MOUSE, holding a big, ripe, golden banana which he had just bought from Tony Monk, the fruit peddler, ran skipping into the Palace to say hello to his friend, King Louie! But the little mouse skidded to a stop as he heard the Prime Minister's snarling voice coming through a half open door. The Prime Minister was plotting to overthrow King Louie so that he, himself, could be King. Marmaduke tip-toed away from the door, so fast that he nearly tripped himself, ran into King Louie's council chamber, and slammed the door so that no one else would hear the sinister news he was about to tell the King!

"What's the matter with you?" King Louie roared. "Can't you shut a door without making it sound like an explosion?" Then King Louie roared louder than ever, because Marmaduke had slammed the door so hard that a picture had fallen off the wall—King Louie's picture!

"But listen, King Louie," Marmaduke whispered urgently.

"Listen nothing!" King Louie shouted. "My picture's fallen off the wall and that's a bad omen. Get me a hammer quick so I can hang it up again!"

"But, King Louie," Marmaduke said desperately, handing the King a hammer as his majesty climbed upon a chair. "The Prime Minister . . ."

"Hang the Prime Minister," King Louie yelled, swinging the hammer at the nail he held against the wall. Then suddenly, Louie let out such a roar that the very furniture vibrated, for he had hit his thumb with the hammer. He toppled backward off the chair, rolling on the floor in pain.

"I'll drive the nail for you," Marmaduke squeaked, picking up the hammer and climbing up on the chair. "And once you're hung on the wall . . . I mean, your picture is hung on the wall . . . maybe you'll listen to what I've got to tell you. It's important, King Louie. It's a matter of life and death—your death, maybe!" The King had risen to his feet and was standing behind Marmaduke to see that the picture was hung in the right place, just as the mouse swung the hammer back over his shoulder in order to drive the nail into the wall. It went 'whunk' on King Louie's head and the King dropped to the floor, unconscious.

Marmaduke didn't even know he had hit the

King on the head with the hammer and, when he looked around and saw King Louie on the floor, he thought his friend had fainted from the pain of his smashed finger.

But Marmaduke received a surprise, and a terrifying one, when King Louie came to his senses. The hammer blow on his head had knocked his memory for a loop. He didn't even recognize Marmaduke.

"But, King Louie—" Marmaduke began—

"Why do you call me *King*?" Louie whimpered timidly. "I'm not a King, never was a King, never will be a King."

Marmaduke was bewildered. "Then if you aren't King Louie, who are you?"

The Prime Minister, a big mean old Tom Cat who had been eavesdropping outside the door, slipped inside.

"I'll tell you who he is," he said, pointing at King Louie. "He's just Leo, a timid garbage collector, who is trying to get King Louie to renew his license."

"Are you crazy?" Marmaduke demanded bluntly.

"Certainly I am, Marmaduke," the Prime Minister grinned craftily, "crazy like a fox." The Prime Minister snapped his fingers at that instant and four ruffians rushed into the room and seized Marmaduke and poor King Louie, who didn't even know he was King!

Struggling, Marmaduke and King Louie were carried through a secret passageway, down flight after flight of cobwebbed damp steps, into a dungeon carved out of solid rock. They were thrown into a dismal cell and an iron door clanged shut behind them and a key grated in the rusty lock.

"But what have I done that they should throw me in the dungeon?" Louie asked timidly, picking himself up from the floor of solid rock. "Is it a crime for a poor garbage collector to want to get his license renewed?"

"But you're King Louie—you're not a garbage collector," Marmaduke cried, shaking his friend's arm.

"I am not," Louis replied. "I am Leo, a garbage collector, and I see it all now. You got me into this trouble, you desperate mouse character, by calling me *King*! Don't you know that's against the law? If I wasn't so timid, I'd make lumps on your

MARMADUKE MOUSE

head and give you a fat lip. But I'm scared even of my own shadow! YEOW!" Louie yelled, jumping on Marmaduke's shoulders, knocking him down. "Is that black shadow in the corner mine or yours? It's horrible!"

Just at that moment, on the other side of the iron door, could be heard the low gloating laugh of the Prime Minister. It caused shivers up Marmaduke's spine and sent poor Louie, who thought he was a timid garbage collector, cowering in a corner, shaking with fright.

"Soon now, very soon indeed," the Prime Minister chortled. "I will be King." A little window grated back in the iron door and, through the window, Marmaduke was handed a tray on which was a delicious dinner, hot and steaming. King Louie came running out of his corner when he sniffed the wonderful aroma of the food.

"Let's eat," he cried. "I'm the hungriest garbage collector in all the kingdom."

"Wait," Marmaduke squeaked, suddenly remembering the Prime Minister's prophecy that he would soon be King. "Maybe this food is poisoned! Don't eat it, King Louie." Marmaduke slid back the opening in the iron door and tossed out the delicious dinner, tray and all, right in the Prime Minister's face.

Marmaduke took from his pocket the banana he had bought that morning from Tony Monk, the fruit peddler. He hadn't had time to eat it on account of his hurry to tell King Louie that the Prime Minister was plotting against him. Quickly peeling the banana and tossing the skin away, Marmaduke broke the banana in two.

"Here, have half of this banana, King Louie! Maybe it'll make you feel better."

"Banana!" King Louie growled. "I don't remember what it tastes like but I'm sure I don't like it! You would offer me banana, you miserable mouse, and not even a whole one. I'm getting more mad than I am timid." And with that he rushed at poor Marmaduke, who dodged as best he could in the narrow cell.

"Oh, if King Louie would only get his memory back," Marmaduke moaned to himself, "and realize he is a King and not a garbage collector!"

At that moment there was a yell of surprise from King Louie as he stepped on the banana peel Marmaduke had thrown on the cell floor. Describing a graceful somersault in the air, he came down on his head with a loud *whunk*.

Marmaduke ran to his friend's side and was helping the groggy lion to his feet when the cell door

swung open and there stood the Prime Minister, holding high a lantern.

"Come out," he shouted in rage. "I'm going to do away with you idiots myself."

"What am I doing down here?" Louie bellowed suddenly. The second blow on his head, caused by slipping on the banana peel, had brought Louie's memory back to him and now he remembered he was King Louie. "What is King Louie, the Lion, doing in a dungeon?"

The Prime Minister hesitated an instant. "So you've regained your memory!" he sneered.

But Louie wasn't listening to the Prime Minister because Marmaduke was whispering in his ear, explaining as briefly as possible the Prime Minister's dark plot. Louie's chest swelled twice its size with indignation.

"What?" he roared, in such an explosion of sound that the wind from his "what" blew out the lantern. King Louie charged at the startled Prime Minister, knocking him off his feet. In the dark, the Prime Minister's ruthless henchmen could not tell which was the Prime Minister and which was the King, and when they did strike a match and light the lantern again, King Louie was already halfway up the dungeon stairs with Marmaduke clinging to his tail and streaming out in the breeze as the King leaped up the stairs three at a time.

"Guard! Guard!" roared King Louie. "Crown the Prime Minister—I mean there's been a plot against the crown! Seize the Prime Minister! Throw him and his thugs into the dungeon."

King Louie had such a loud and majestic voice that the very Palace rang with his shouted commands, which were soon carried out.

"Marmaduke!" bellowed King Louie.

"Y-yes, King Louie," said Marmaduke, his ears streaming back from the breeze caused by Louie's shout.

King Louie looked sheepish and lowered his voice to a whisper, for he was a King and could never do things by halves.

"You are my faithful friend, Marmaduke! I am going to make you my new Prime Minister!"

"Gee, that's swell," said Marmaduke. "What does a Prime Minister have to do, King Louie?"

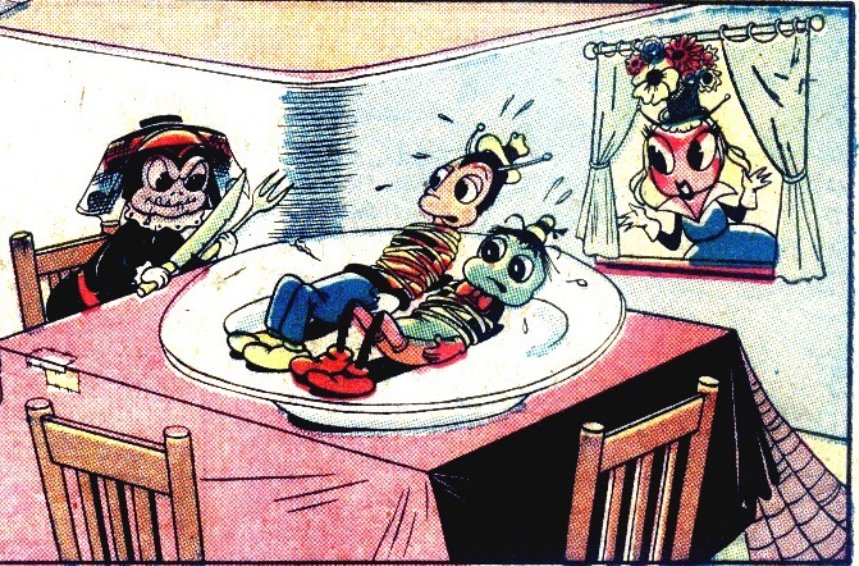
"The—er—duties of a Prime Minister," King Louie said with a mellow chuckle, "are to keep the King—that's me—from forgetting to remember things."

"Yeow! Now it's my turn to faint!" Marmaduke cried. And he did.

BUGGY CORNERS

POPULATION ~ **WOW!**

When FLIP the FLEA and ANSON ANT decide to stake their all on making BEETRICE BEE jealous, they wind up as steaks themselves ON THE BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS TABLE!



SO THAT'S YOUR NEW HAT, BEE? WHAT A GOOFY HEADPIECE! HA, HA!

WOW!
HA, HA, HA!

OH, IS THAT SO, ANSON AND FLIP?..... WELL, I WON'T GO OUT WITH YOU!



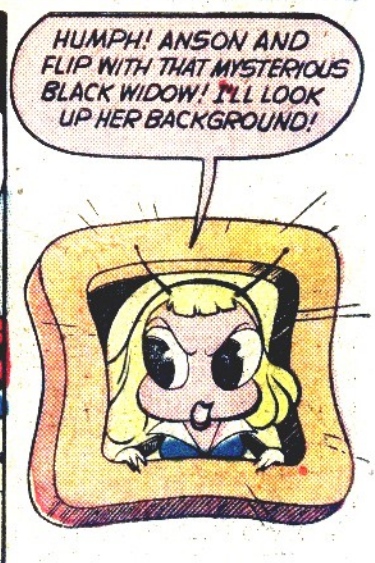
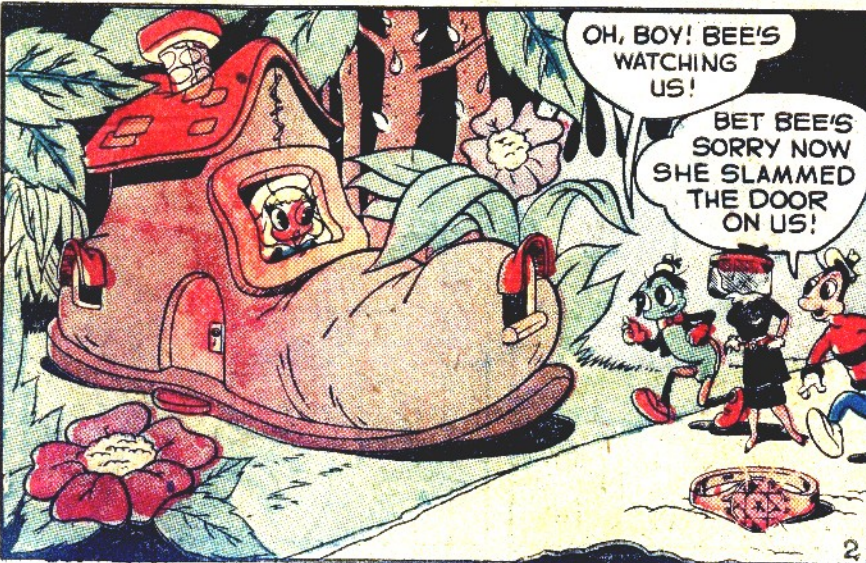
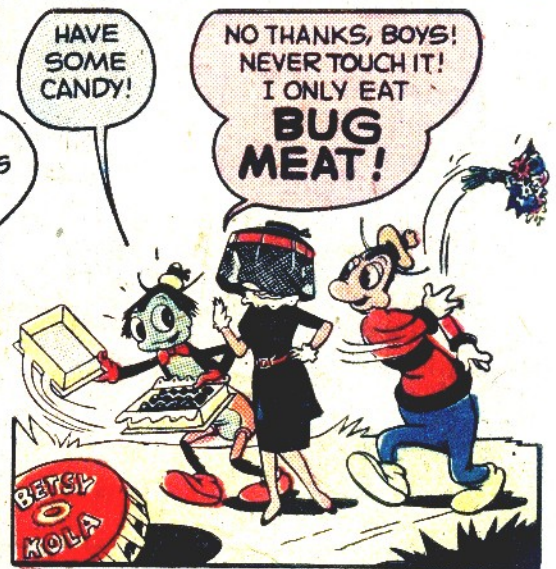
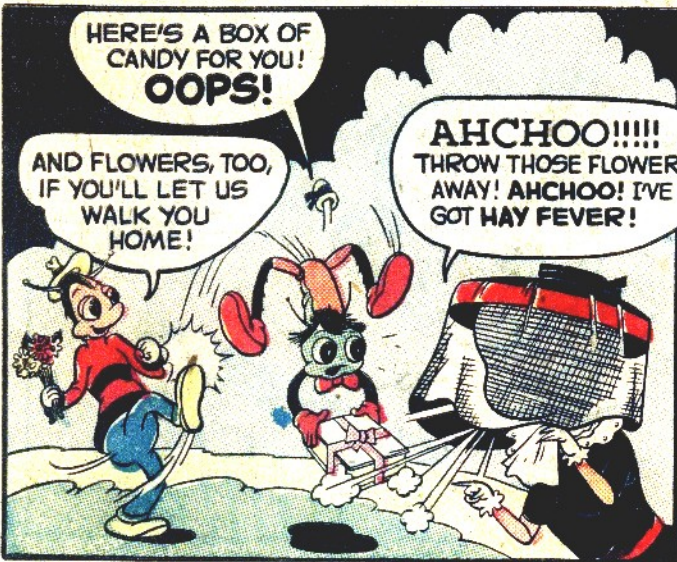
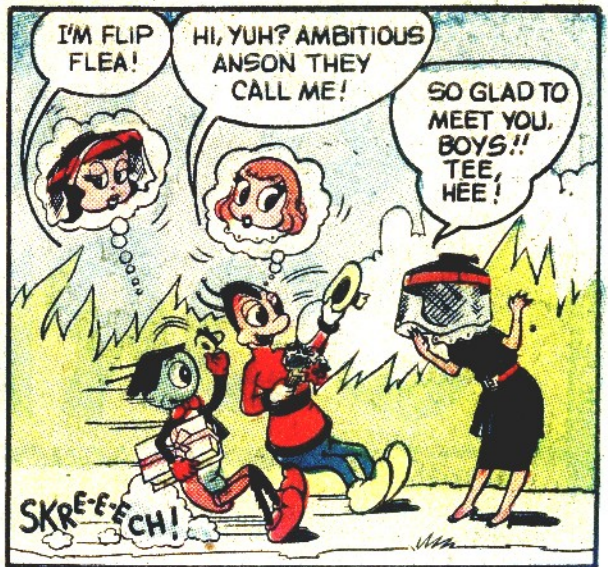
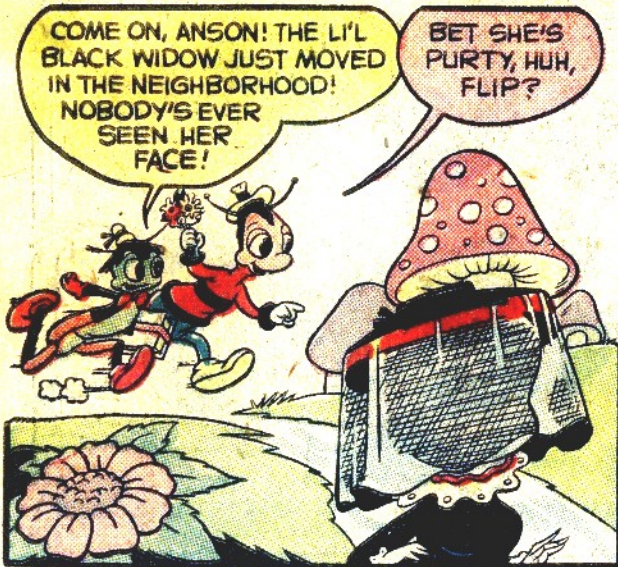
GOODBY!

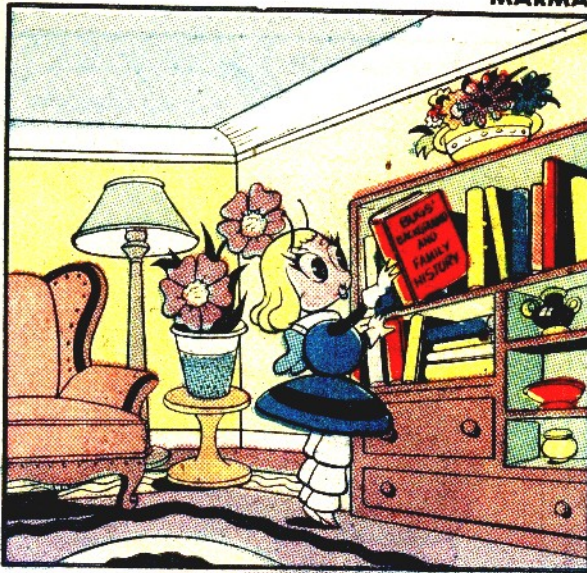
G-GOLLY, BEE'S MAD! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, FLIP?

I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL MAKE BEE JEALOUS! LOOK, HERE COMES THE BLACK WIDOW!



MARMADUKE MOUSE

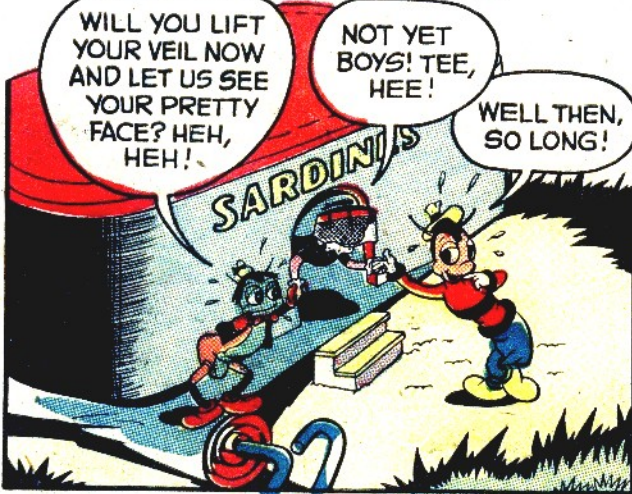




MY G-GOODNESS!
I-I BETTER HURRY
AND WARN FLIP
AND ANSON!



Meanwhile



WILL YOU LIFT
YOUR VEIL NOW
AND LET US SEE
YOUR PRETTY
FACE? HEH,
HEH!

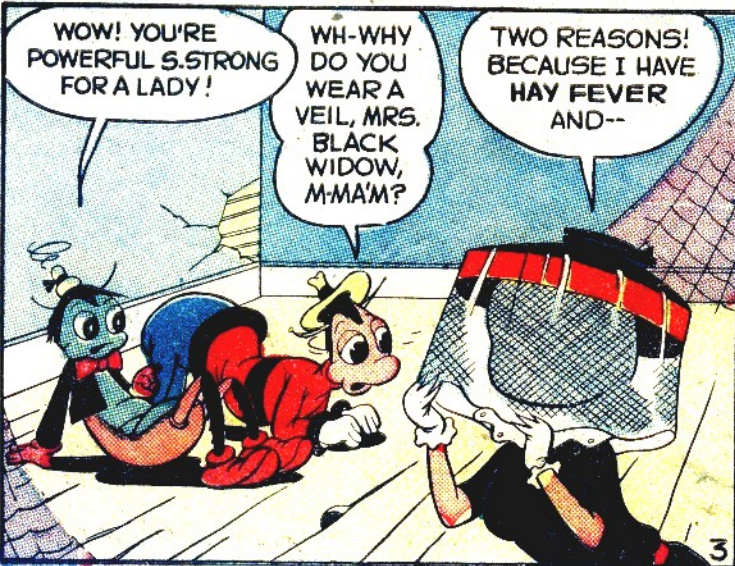
NOT YET
BOYS! TEE,
HEE!

WELL THEN,
SO LONG!



WE GOT TO SEE
A BEE-BETRICE
BEE! AWK!

OH, DON'T
GO! COME INTO
MY PARLOR!



WOW! YOU'RE
POWERFUL S.STRONG
FOR A LADY!

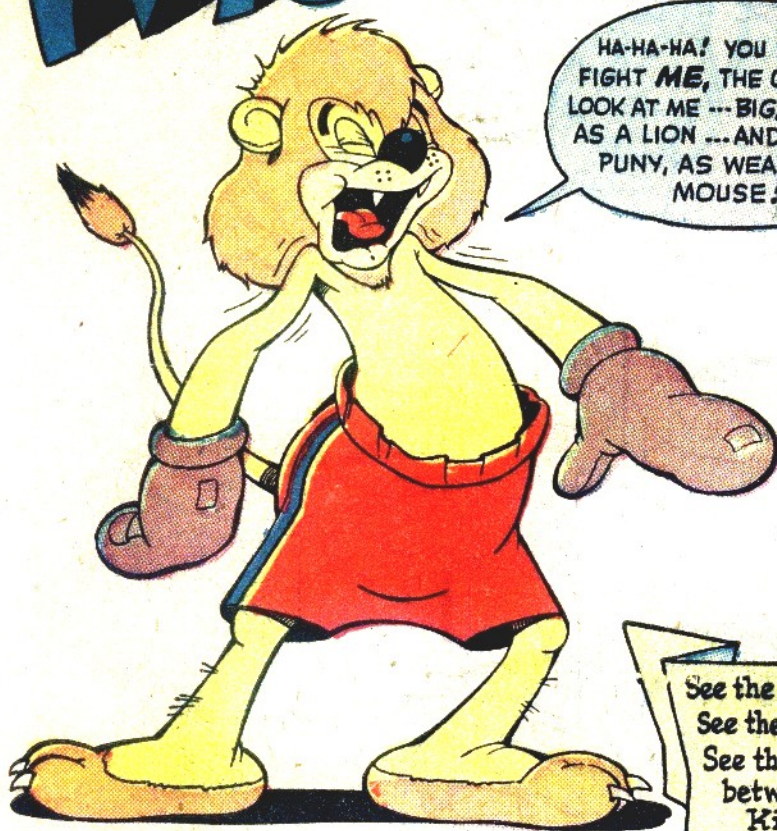
WH-WHY
DO YOU WEAR A
VEIL, MRS.
BLACK
WIDOW,
M-MAM?

TWO REASONS!
BECAUSE I HAVE
HAY FEVER
AND--

--I DON'T WANT TO
SCARE AWAY
BOYS LIKE
YOU! GRR!

MARMADUKE MOUSE

MARMADUKE MOUSE and King Louie

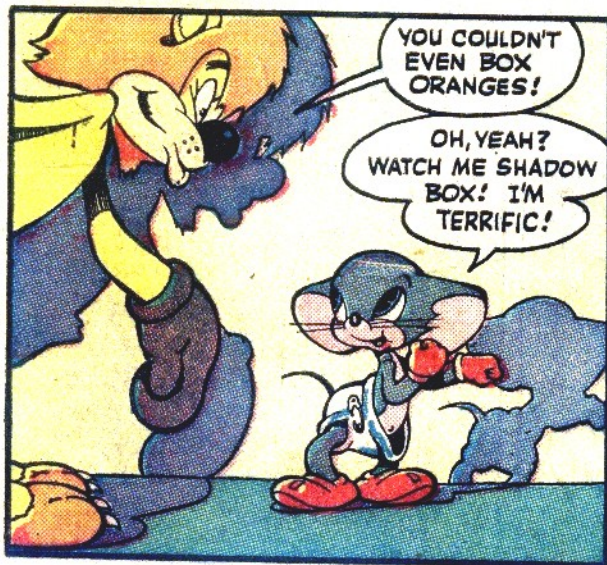


HA-HA-HA! YOU WANT TO FIGHT **ME**, THE CHAMPION? LOOK AT ME --- BIG, FAST, STRONG AS A LION --- AND **YOU** --- TINY, PUNY, AS WEAK AS A MOUSE!

WELL, I'VE BEEN SICK!



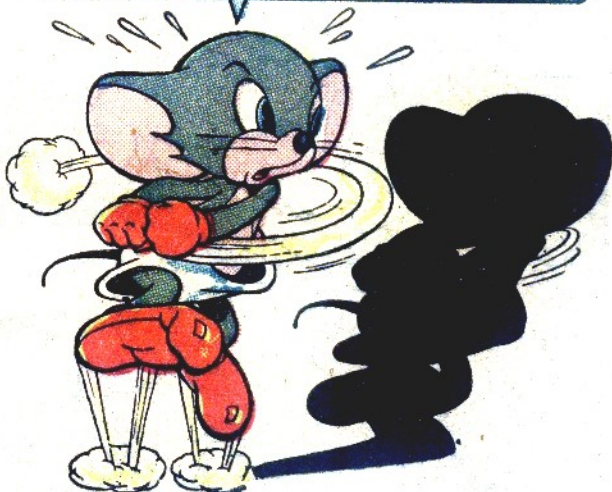
See the stalwart Louie socked to sleep--
See the sly sorcerer's schemes smashed...
See the sensational slug-fest of the century
between Marmaduke Mouse and
King Louie!



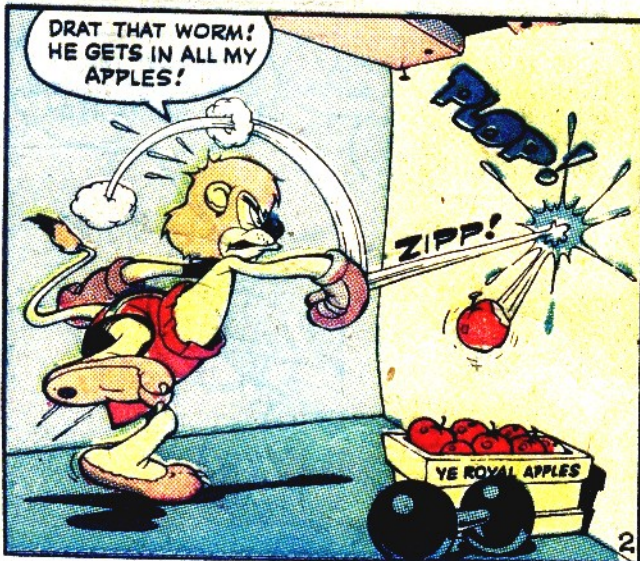
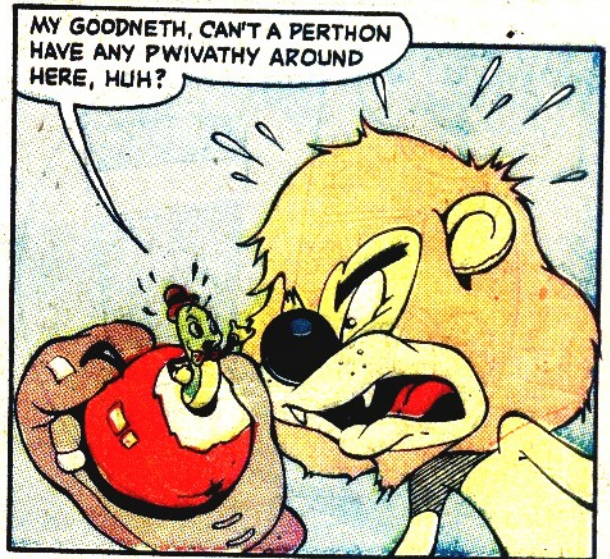
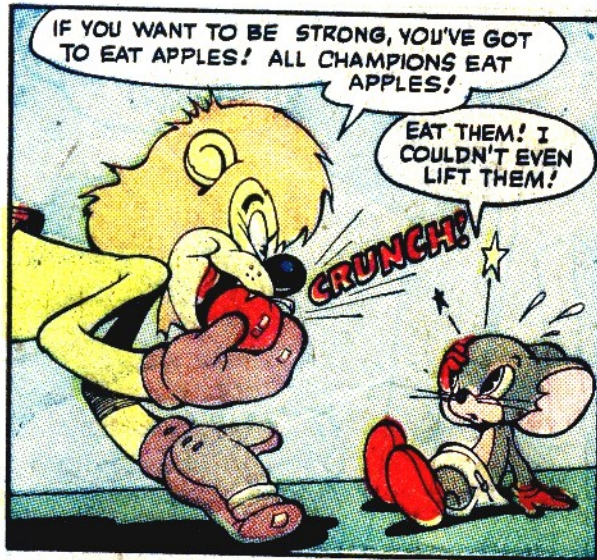
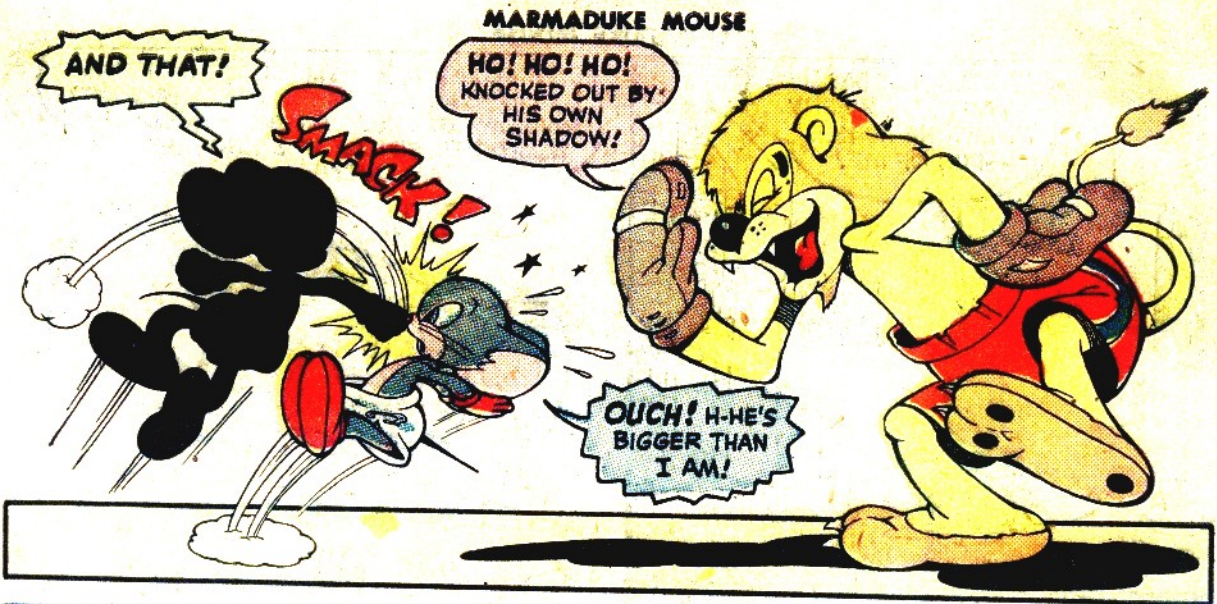
YOU COULDN'T EVEN BOX ORANGES!

OH, YEAH? WATCH ME SHADOW BOX! I'M TERRIFIC!

TAKE THAT! AND THAT! AND **THAT!**



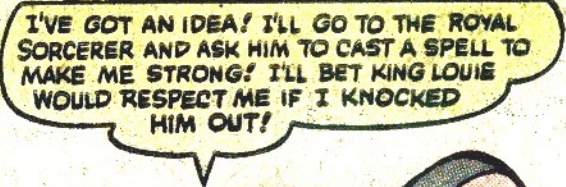
MARMADUKE MOUSE



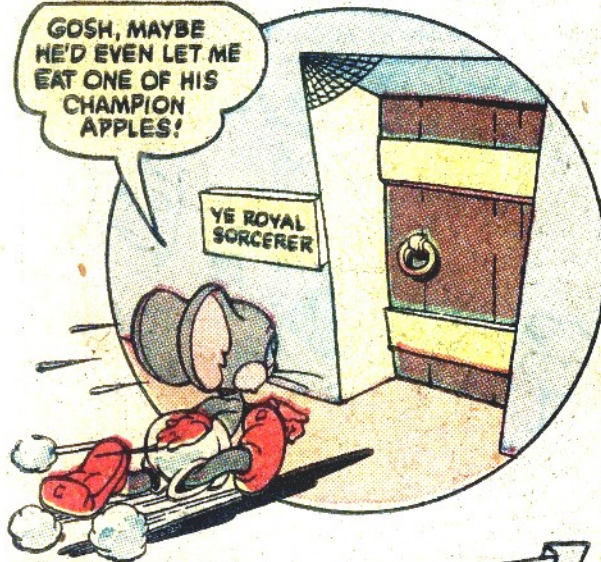
MARMADUKE MOUSE



G-GOLLY, JUST BECAUSE I'M LITTLE AND PUNY, EVERYONE MAKES F-FUN OF ME!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL GO TO THE ROYAL SORCERER AND ASK HIM TO CAST A SPELL TO MAKE ME STRONG! I'LL BET KING LOUIE WOULD RESPECT ME IF I KNOCKED HIM OUT!



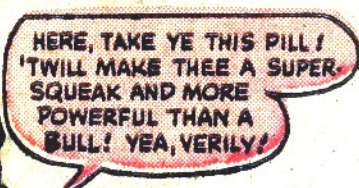
GOSH, MAYBE HE'D EVEN LET ME EAT ONE OF HIS CHAMPION APPLES!



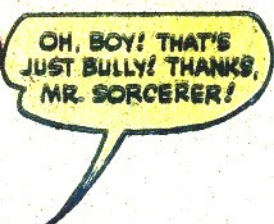
MR. SORCERER, PLEASE MAKE ME STRONG SO I CAN BEAT UP THE KING!

A SPLENDID AMBITION, MY SON! COME, TELL ME MORE! YEA, VERILY!

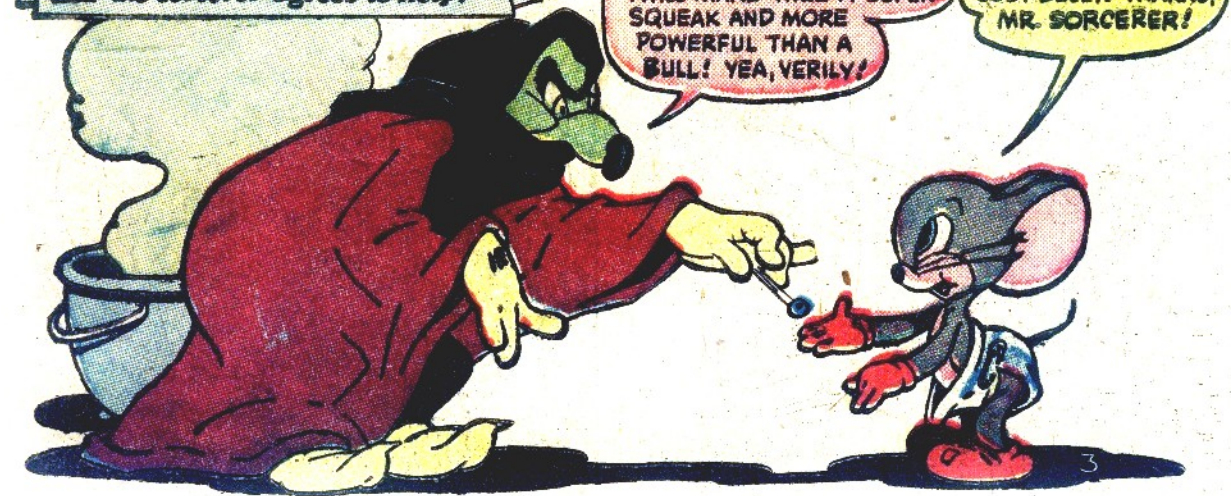
The mouse explains the situation and the sorcerer agrees to help!



HERE, TAKE YE THIS PILL! 'Twill MAKE THEE A SUPER-SQUEAK AND MORE POWERFUL THAN A BULL! YEA, VERILY!

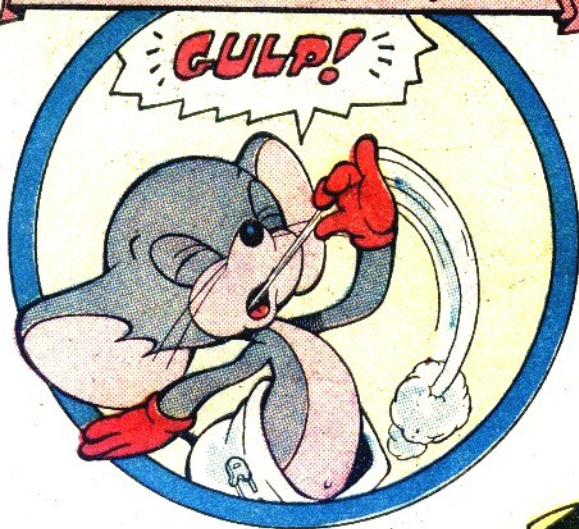


OH, BOY! THAT'S JUST BULLY! THANKS, MR. SORCERER!

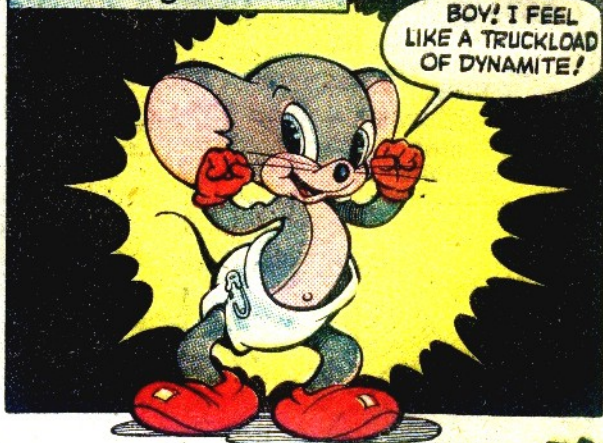


MARMADUKE MOUSE

Marmaduke downs the pill of power...



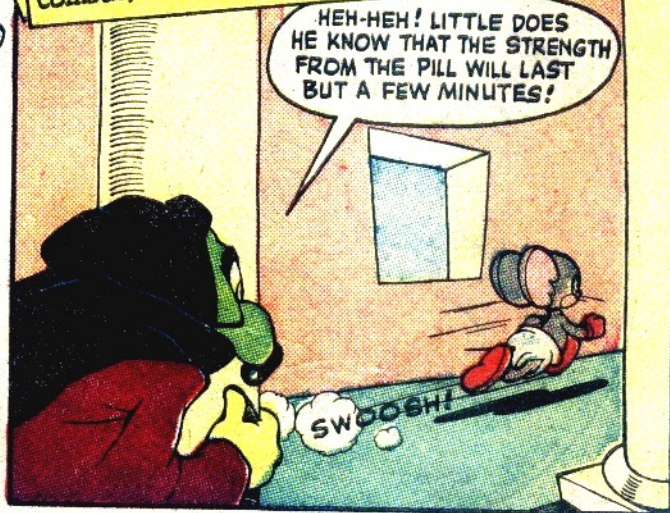
The pill works, the mouse becomes as strong as limburger cheese!



HEE-HEE! IF THE MOUSE CAN OVERCOME THE KING, I SHALL FINISH THEM BOTH AND CLAIM THE THRONE BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST! YEA, VERILY!

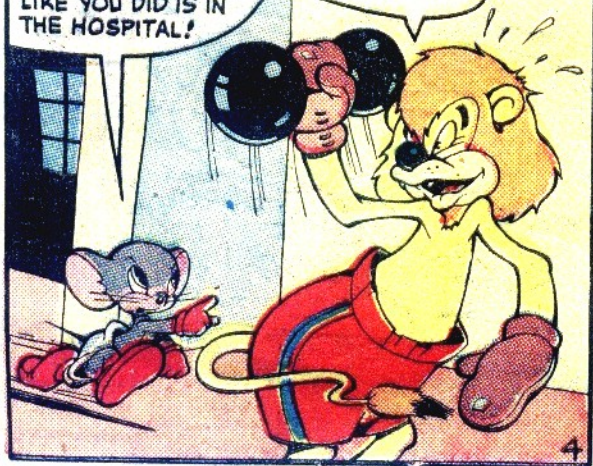


Marmaduke rushes back to engage the king in combat, unaware of the figure following him!



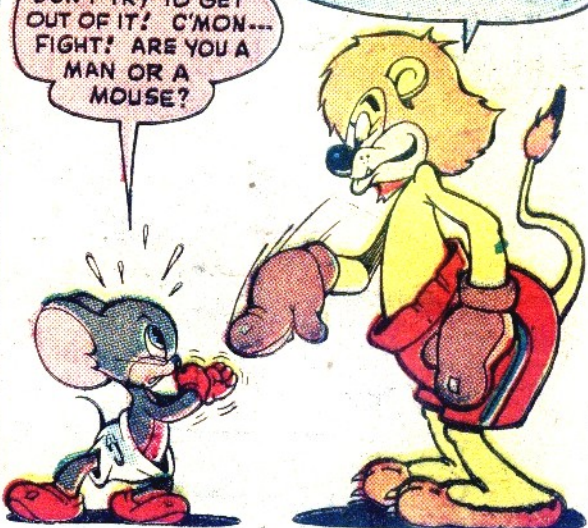
PUT UP YOUR DUKES, KING! THE LAST GUY WHO MADE FUN OF ME LIKE YOU DID IS IN THE HOSPITAL!

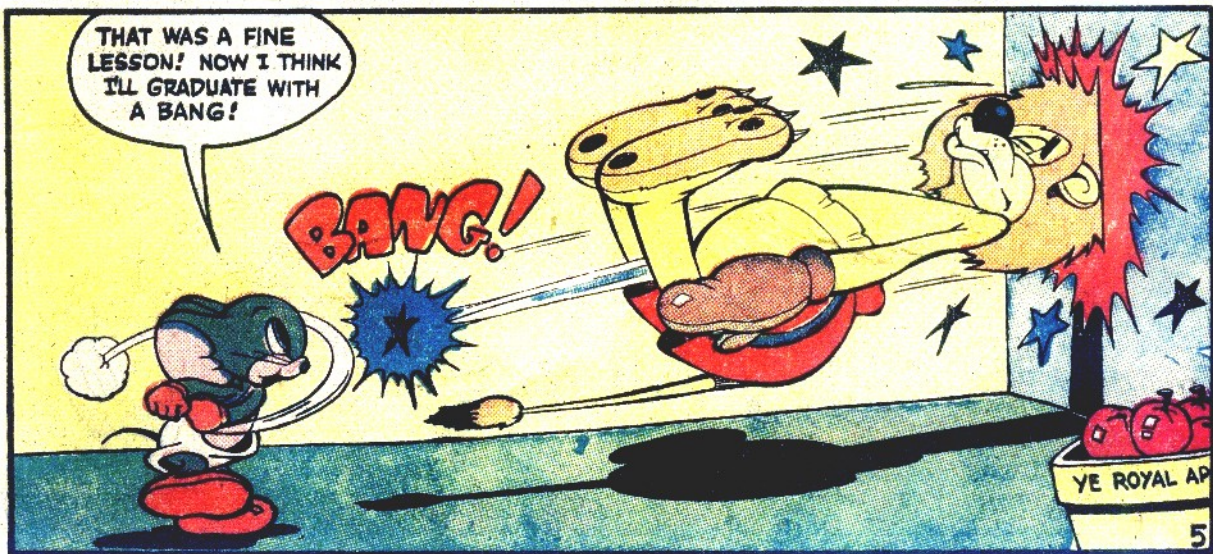
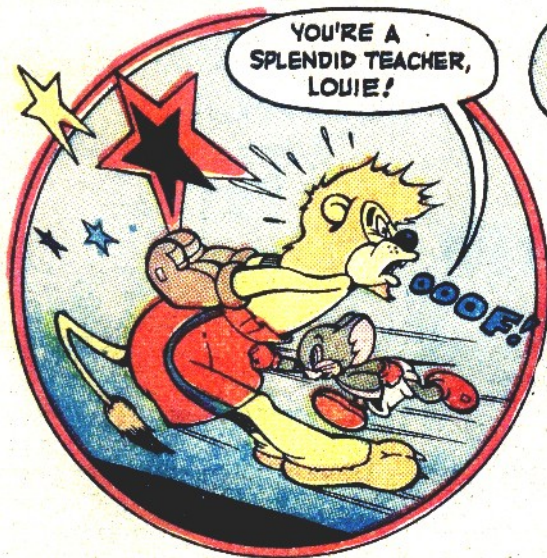
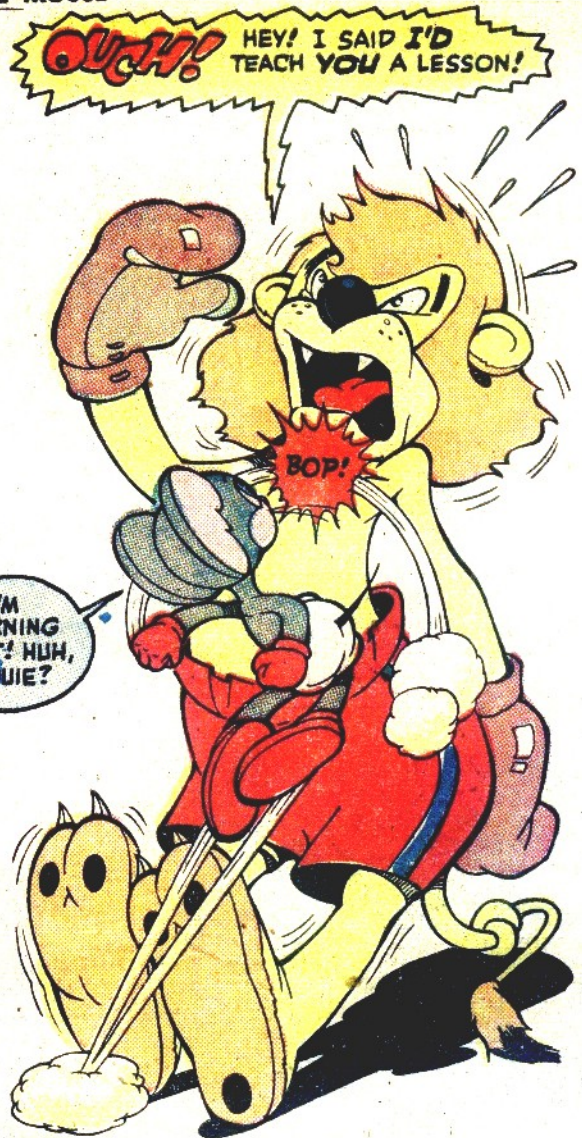
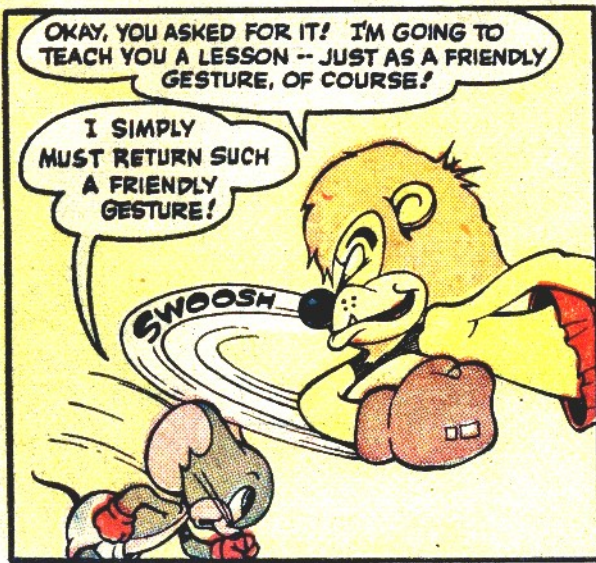
I WASN'T AWARE THAT YOU KNEW ANY DOCTORS! HA-HA!



DON'T TRY TO GET OUT OF IT! C'MON... FIGHT! ARE YOU A MAN OR A MOUSE?

LOOK WHO'S ASKING!

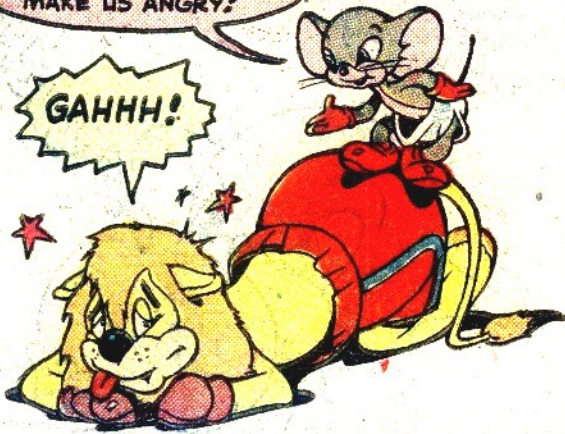




MARMADUKE MOUSE

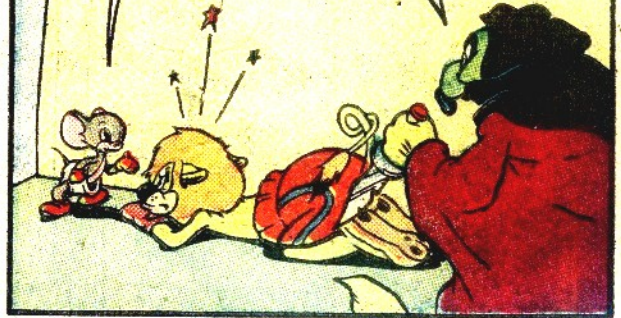
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!
NEVER MAKE FUN OF THE WEAK AND
PUNY, BECAUSE IT MIGHT
MAKE US ANGRY!

GAHHH!



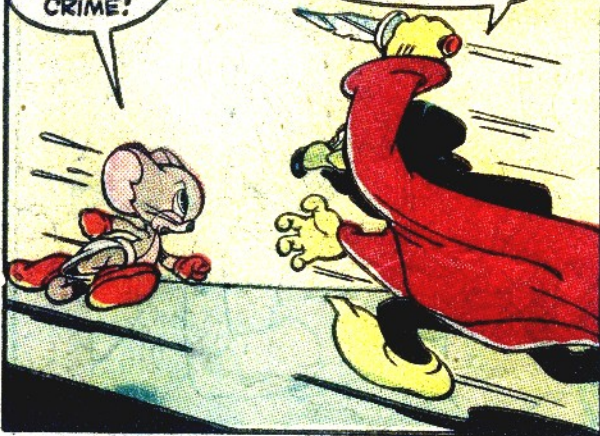
OH, HELLO,
MR. SORCERER!
DID YOU COME TO
SEE ME CONQUER
KING LOUIE?

NAY, I HAVE COME TO
CUT MYSELF IN ON THE
DEAL! HEH-HEH! THANKS
TO THEE, I CAN NOW
KILL LOUIE AND CLAIM
THE THRONE! YEA,
VERILY!



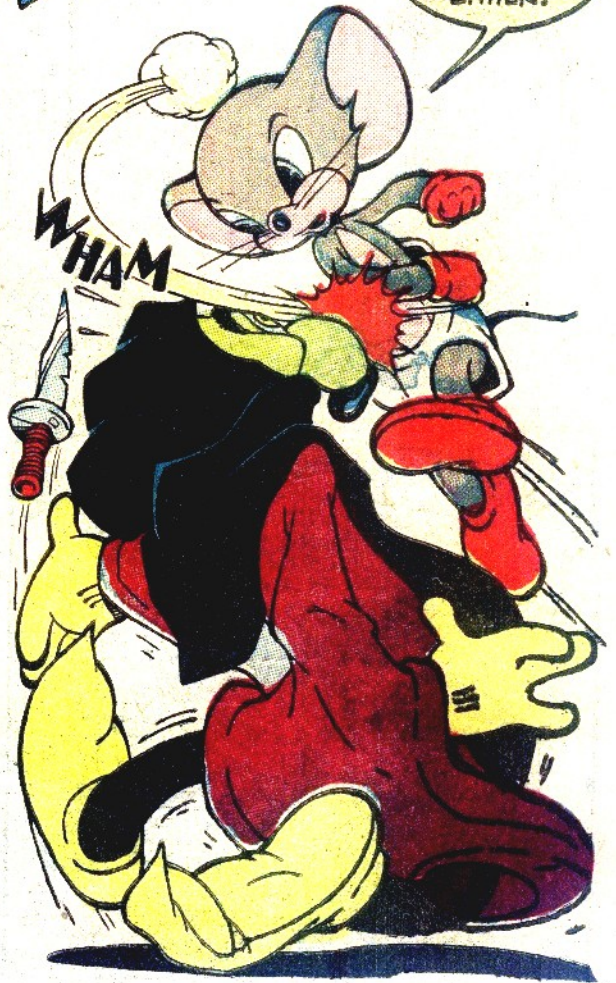
NO! I CAN'T
ALLOW YOU TO
COMMIT THIS
TERRIBLE
CRIME!

YE CANNOT STOP ME! THE
STRENGTH OF THE PILL OF
POWER HATH BEEN SPENT!
YEA, VERILY!



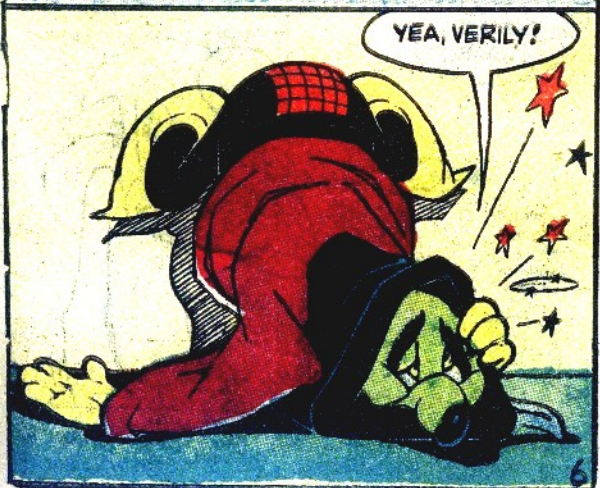
But the sorcerer has
miscalculated the pill's
power! Marmaduke
is still strong!

BOY, CAN
HE TAKE IT! AND
I'LL BET HE
DOESN'T CARE
WHO GIVES IT,
EITHER!



The sorcerer gets his just "desserts" and
we don't mean ice cream ---

YEA, VERILY!



MARMADUKE MOUSE

King Louie, regaining consciousness, treats Marmaduke with due respect!

NOW THAT YOU'VE DEFEATED ME, YOU ARE THE KINGDOM CHAMPION! FOR SAVING MY LIFE FROM THE SORCERER, I PRESENT YOU WITH ONE OF MY SPECIAL APPLES!

GEE, THANKS!

Second by second, Marmaduke's super strength slips swiftly away!

GOSH, THIS APPLE FEELS HEAVY!

CRUNCH!

THITH ITH THE LATHT THRAW! PUT ME DOWN, YOU -- YOU -- YOU -- OR I'LL -- I'LL --

DON'T GET SO FRESH, YOU WORM! THAT'S MARMADUKE MOUSE, THE CHAMPION!

OH, YEAH?

YEAH!

Marmaduke's super-strength is completely gone!

THO YOU'RE THE CHAMP, HUH?

POW!

WELL, THAKE HANDTHS WITH THE NEW CHAMP!

OHKHHH! THIS IS THE END!

Moral: Never belittle anyone, regardless of size, because sometimes even a worm will turn!

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- ☐ 12 Holland Crocus Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Free... \$.99
- ☐ Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)
- ☐ Remittance enclosed (Michigan Bulb pays postage).

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How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG



at night!

... as recommended by
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog
trainer and judge at dog
shows... and wartime head
of U. S. Coast Guard War
Dog Training.



1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog *may* turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at *night*! If cornered—



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For *bright* light, *white* light, *effective* light—insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals—that's why they're the world's *largest-selling* flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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